INCOLN, THE PRACTICAL JOKER By IDA TARBELL

FEB. 17, 1934

Liberty

5¢

RA
U.S.
DO OUR PART

PERSONAL APPEARANCE
GRETA GARBO

IRENE ZIMERMAN

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
•
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
•
ROSE WILDER LANE
•
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
•
AND OTHERS

A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS AT THE PRESIDENT

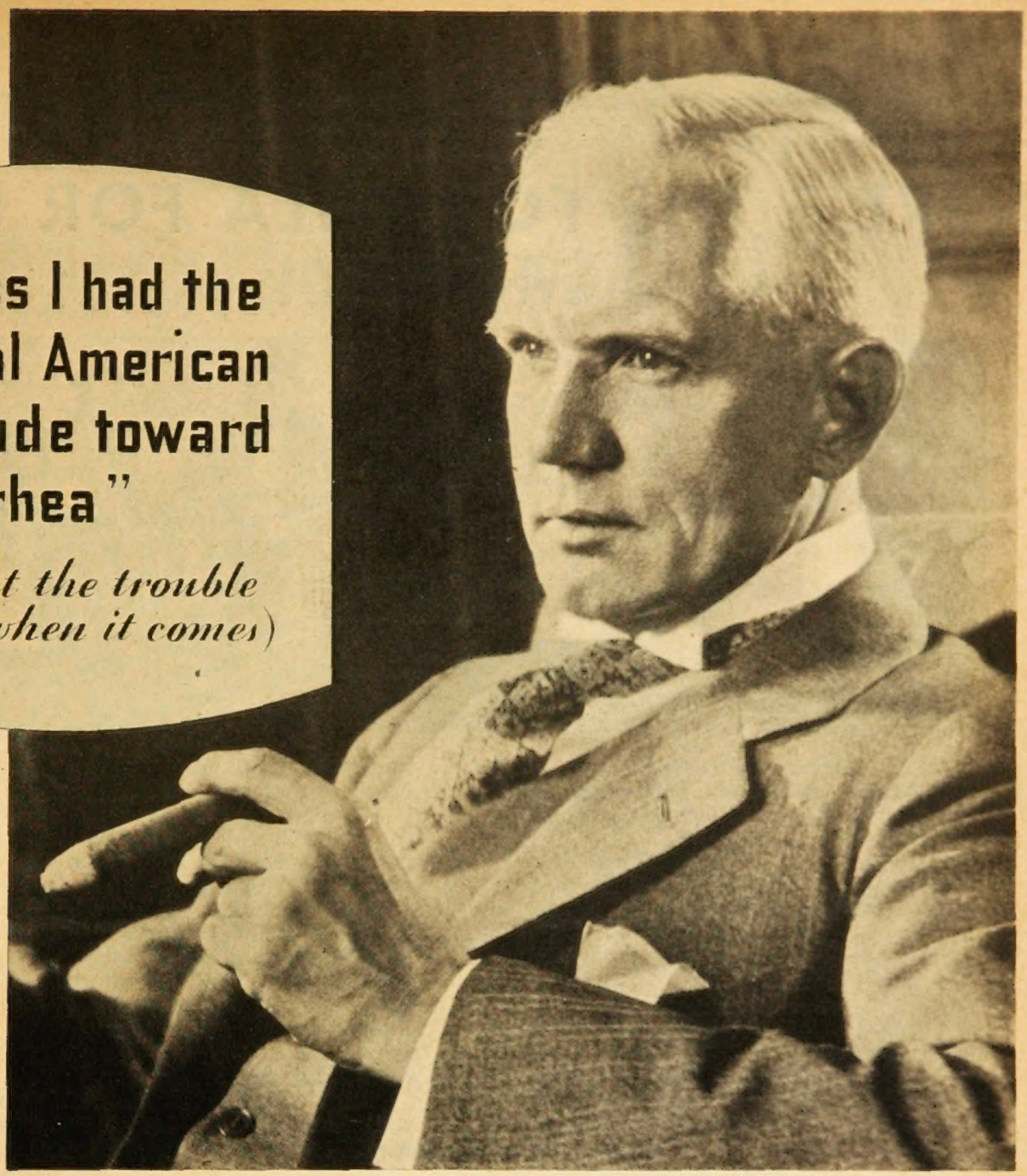
"CANADIAN CLUB"

WHEN YOU SAY that "Canadian Club" is a *fine old whisky,* you have world-wide judgment to confirm you. Insuring quality and purity by his careful distilling processes, Hiram Walker was in no haste to market his first "Canadian Club" 75 years ago. For he knew—as you do—that proper aging makes the best of whisky better. Today Hiram Walker & Sons—operating on a scale undreamed of in 1858—still cling fast to the original Walker principles. Quality and purity are paramount. Aging must go on for years. With principles such as these back of it, any product which bears the Hiram Walker name will conform to the high standard of value established by "Canadian Club."

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO · · PEORIA, ILLINOIS

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.



"I guess I had the typical American attitude toward pyorrhea"

(Meet the trouble when it comes)

THE time to meet pyorrhea is now, *right now.* That is the only way to get ahead of it. *You* cannot recognize the early stages. Only your dentist can do that. The tragedy of this disease is that it does not show itself to the unpracticed eye.

Pyorrhea may be destroying your gums and undermining your teeth for years—unseen and unfelt. But when it strikes, it strikes hard. It is no respecter of tooth-cleanliness. Clean teeth go the way of the others. This one gum disease is actually responsible for half of the adult teeth which are lost.

Don't wait. Start at once to protect yourself against pyorrhea. See your dentist and see him regularly. He understands the necessity for *prevention.* He is your friend. He has a satisfaction inestimably greater in preserving your natural teeth than in replacing them, no matter how skilfully, with his own handiwork.

The name most closely associated with pyorrhea is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan—26 years a specialist. Thousands of dentists throughout the country are using his pyorrhea formula in their professional treatments. In its professional form, it is available only to dentists. However, for home treatment, Dr. Forhan's formula is embodied in the toothpaste which bears his name.

It is an acknowledged fact that four out of five persons past the age of forty are pyorrhea victims. Don't you be one of them. Give your dentist a chance to help you. Help *him* between visits. Get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste today. Remember that the expense of using Forhan's is a saving ultimately. Use it night and morning. Forhan's completes the *double job* of cleaning teeth and protecting gums. Instruct the children to use Forhan's. It is never too early for serious thought about teeth. Forhan's comes in a big tube that lasts a long time. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

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Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

FEBRUARY 17, 1934

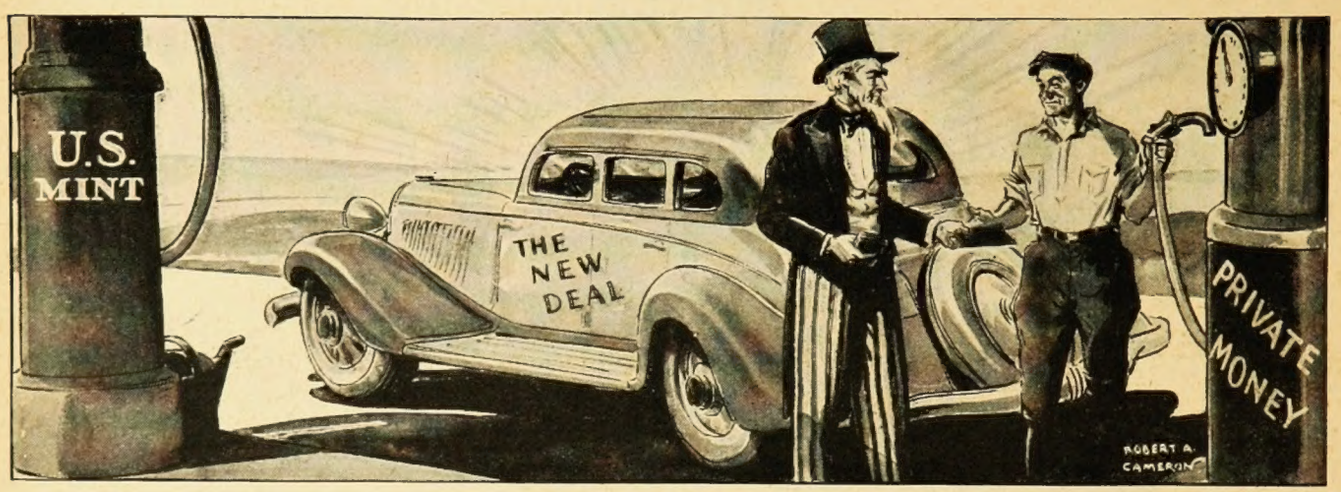
Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HERE'S THE FORMULA FOR EASY MONEY!



MONEY is scarce—when you want a loan.

Although there have been many efforts to explain this depression, the real cause was the withdrawal of credit.

The banks everywhere called their loans. The big banks demanded payment from the little banks. Merchants who were in the habit of borrowing money on a percentage of their net worth were refused further credit, and the amount of money withdrawn in this rush for cover would amount to billions of dollars.

And it was just like withdrawing that amount of money from circulation; for, after all, credit has identically the same value as gold coins or currency.

The national indebtedness at the present time on which this government is paying interest amounts to more than twenty billions. The amount that has been borrowed by states and municipalities on bonds amounts to approximately another thirty billions. Most of these securities are tax-free.

The government is a powerful competitor in the borrowing market. Government securities are especially attractive to investors.

Now, here are fifty billion dollars that the government has borrowed. We would be inclined to wonder where the money would come from to loan to business men, real-estate owners, farmers, etc.

The government is drying up the borrowing field, and the average layman would like to know why the government should issue interest-bearing notes or bonds for all the money it needs.

According to our President's message at the beginning of this session of Congress, we will have to borrow seven billion dollars this year. Doubtless this money will be secured from the borrowing market, but that takes that much out of circulation. Farmers and borrowers of every kind will find it more difficult to borrow money because of the government's excessive borrowing.

And can any one give any sensible reason why the government cannot issue that seven billion dollars, or at least a large part of it, in currency, recalling it at the rate of five per cent a year?

That may be termed inflation, but it is not by any means as foolish as borrowing the seven billions on bonds bearing five-per-cent interest.

The government is certainly far more stable when issuing seven billion dollars in currency without interest than seven billion dollars in bonds on which they have to pay three hundred and fifty million dollars interest every year.

If the currency were issued we would save this three hundred and fifty million dollars; and, furthermore—

Here's the factor of real importance!

This seven billion dollars in currency would be placed in the hands of people who would want to invest it. And what would be the result?

Instead of farmers looking for money, the "money" would be looking for the farmers. The millions of owners of this huge sum of money would be looking feverishly for investments, and the last remnants of our so-called depression might be knocked higher than a kite.

All this may sound revolutionary, but it is just common "horse sense." The conclusions are just as simple as the deduction that two and two are four.

But governments always insist upon complications. They are afraid of a simple formula.

But this solution of our difficulties is so clear that it is understandable to a child, and if a few million of our readers will "pound" our congressmen and senators, perhaps they can also be made to see it.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 6

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy. $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay Every Person to Know!

A "COMMON COLD" sounds like a trivial thing, but the "Common Cold" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness and—more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, it should be borne in mind, is nothing trivial nor anything to treat lightly.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection,* resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing to a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when you've got to get at a cold from the inside; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but the trouble is, they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The great danger is that, putting too much confidence in these methods, a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a matter for heroic measures.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold", it becomes obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect. In other words, it does the four things the relief of a cold calls for.

The Necessary Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

Harmless As It is Effective!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, 30¢ and 50¢. Good druggists—druggists who have the interests of their customers at heart—won't try to sell you a substitute for the sake of a little more profit.

Let no cold claim you as a victim! At the first sneeze or chill get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine on the job. Taken in time, it will usually expel a cold overnight—and therein lies safety!

PHILCO owners wrote this ad!

PHILCO is not saying a single word of its own in this advertisement about the performance of the all-wave models. PHILCO is letting its customers supply all the "selling talk".

All PHILCO wants to add is the suggestion that you go to the nearest PHILCO dealer and hear London, Berlin or Paris with your own ears.

New York hears Europe regularly!

"It is the only radio I know of that can pick up most any of the European short-wave stations with uncanny regularity. Reception comes in as clear as local stations in most cases."

* New York City

Texas Logs Paris and Australia

"Have logged Madrid; Zeesen, Germany; Sydney, Australia; Daventry, England; Pontoise, France; Caracas, Venezuela; and North American short-wave stations from Ontario to Costa Rica."

* Beaumont, Texas

Madrid heard in Mississippi with tremendous volume

"We receive Barranquilla, Colombia, Germany, France, and 15 or more American and Canadian short-wave stations. At 4:30 P. M. Madrid comes on and we get them with tremendous volume and very faithful tone."

* Jackson, Miss.

Circling the World in Circleville, Ohio

"I bought a 16L and have already logged England, Germany, Venezuela, France, Spain, Cuba and Puerto Rico."

* Circleville, Ohio

*Any name furnished on request.

PHILCO
ALL-WAVE
16X · $175

Marvelous tone, due to the Patented Inclined Sounding Board—Super "Class A" Audio System and PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control. Auditorium Speaker. Tunes foreign short waves as well as American broadcast band.

$20 to $600 *All prices subject to change without notice*

PHILCO AUTO RADIO · $55

(Complete and Installed)
Listen to BOAKE CARTER
over key Columbia Stations

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

CONTENTS

Editorial 4

Lincoln, the Practical Joker ..... IDA M. TARBELL 7
A famous biographer tells some tales on a famous lover of fun

The Passion in Her Heart—*A story* ..... BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 10

A Housewife Looks at the President ..... MRS. PHILIP WYLIE 18
In which one voter gets good and mad, and speaks her mind on a number of things

The Real Tragedy of Doug and Mary—*Part II* ..... ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 20

Twenty Questions 24

Risqué, Romantic, Rollicking—*Movie reviews* ..... BEVERLY HILLS 25

Vengeance—*A story* ..... ROSE WILDER LANE 28

Hell on Skates! ..... DICK WILLIAMS 36
A look at hockey, that mad, glad, man-smashing epidemic from Canada—Is it a game or an affliction?

The Case of the Howling Dog—*Part VI* ..... ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 40

Letter-Addition Puzzle ..... F. GREGORY HARTSWICK 46

Good Books of the Month ..... OLIVER SWIFT 48

Cross Word Puzzle 49

How I Whipped Depression ..... LAFAYETTE MCLAWS 50
The inspiring chronicle of a successful search for work, health, and a new future

Beware of the Cat! ..... MARIE BEYNON RAY 54
Has woman in her new freedom and responsibility really outgrown her zest for gossip?

Transient Lady—*Part IX* ..... OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 55

To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 63

Vox Pop 64

Jumblejem 65

$2,500 Presidents Contest 66

Wife at the Wheel—*A short short story* ..... DAY EDGAR 67

Cover by IRENE ZIMERMAN

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning—

DID ASTOR FIND CAPT. KIDD'S RICHES?

By

Allen Marsh

Here's a TRUE story stranger than any fiction—of pirate gold and the birth of a famous fortune

WHY I HAVE KEPT SILENT FOR TWO YEARS

By

Ann Harding

As told to Elza Schallert

The frank confession of a Hollywood star who has found her way back to happiness

IF WASHINGTON HAD BEEN KING

By

Will Irwin

LINCOLN
The Practical Joker

Whatever objections may have been raised were overruled. They prepared and started, Lincoln in the lead.

A Famous Biographer Tells Some Tales on a Famous Lover of Fun

(Reading time: 10 minutes 5 seconds.)

IF Abraham Lincoln had been a humorless man, would he ever have been elected President of these United States? It is debatable. Certain it is that his ability to make men laugh and to laugh with them was the base of his popularity from the day he first appeared as a jack-of-all-trades on the Sangamon River in Illinois.

Thrown in with a crew of raft-builders, his stories soon had them clamoring for more. Even funnier than his yarns was his way of telling them, his own enjoyment of them. Forty years later a survivor of the crew told me that while he could not recall a single one of the stories, he still laughed when he remembered Lincoln and how as he came to the end he would "whoop and roll off the log he straddled." After he had gone his way the log, which was his favorite seat, was preserved. "Abe's Log," they called it.

Wherever Lincoln attempted in the next few years to make a place for himself, his fun-making gathered men to him. That he was no mere clown they of course soon discovered, but their respect was all the stronger because of the humor with which he salted his sterner qualities.

On the circuit which he traveled so many years as lawyer and politician, the classic example of his practical jokes was his piloting of the court traveling on horseback across Fox River. The river was in flood, running wild across the prairies. The travelers, thoroughly bewildered, asked one another how in the world they were to cross. There was only one way, Lincoln said. They must strip, tie their clothes in a bundle to the back of their saddles, and swim for it. Whatever objections may have been raised were overruled and they prepared and started, Lincoln in the lead. For an hour their horses waded through water which never reached the stirrups, and when they saw they were approaching town they realized it was their town, and that to reach it it had not been necessary to cross Fox River. Lincoln had played a trick which set the whole circuit rocking with laughter.

This type of practical joking was and had been for many years the most popular diversion of the bar in the pioneer communities of the West and South. Altogether the most complete authentic and amusing picture of it is to be found in Baldwin's Flush Times in Alabama. Lincoln owned the book—the very copy which he carried with him on the circuit being now in the collection of the Hon. Henry Horner, Governor of Illinois. The "flush times" of which Baldwin wrote belonged in the 1830s, but the types which he caricatured still flourished. Lincoln doubtless could have named their counterparts in every county seat of Illinois where he practiced.

It was a motley crowd of humbugs and windbags which Baldwin presented. To hoist these ridiculous gentlemen on their own petards was the finest spirit of the humorous and unpretentious members of the bar, and Flush Times is rich in its tales of how it was done.

Lincoln's favorite in the collection was the Earthquake Story as told by Cave Burton, Sig., of Kentucky. The pages of Lincoln's copy of Flush Times show how often he must have read this story to his friends, or passed it on that they might read it for themselves.

A way of disciplining those whose manners were obnoxious, as well as those social and political rivals who were regarded as humbugs, was the anonymous communication to the newspapers ridiculing the objectionable person. Lincoln at one time published a series of such letters, signed Aunt Rebecca, aimed at a political opponent whose views he disliked. A couple of saucy young women, one of them his future wife, Mary Todd, took up the series under his nom de plume when he laid it down, ridiculing the philandering propensities of the gentleman.

As there were no libel laws to protect the victim of such attacks, there was nothing for him to do but thrash his tormentor or

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

BY IDA M. TARBELL

challenge him. Lincoln's victim chose the latter, and the duel was all but fought, to the great injury of his growing political prestige. It was his first severe lesson that the fun-making which had done so much for him could be carried too far.

By the time of the Great Debates with Stephen Douglas, which introduced him politically to the country, the practical joke, the story for the sake of the story, the long satirical communications to the newspapers, the doggerel had disappeared from his technique.

By the time he had reached the White House his humor was a finished product, used instinctively as a weapon in handling men and situations. This shows particularly in his use of the story. Certainly no man ever carried such a collection of stories to the White House.

Where did he get them? people wondered. He had drawn on the rural supply of every pioneer community in which he had lived from boyhood up, and apparently never forgot one or where it came from. Knowing his love of stories, men brought them to him. "I mustn't forget to tell that to Lincoln," was every man's mental and spoken note. And Lincoln himself never forgot to ask a friend he hadn't seen for a time, "Any new stories?"

He was also an inveterate reader of "funny books." Back in Indiana he and his friends had read in the woods on Sunday afternoons one of the earliest joke books to find its way into this country from England—Quinn's Jests, or the Facetious Man's Companion. Later it was Flush Times, Phœnixiana (by one John Phœnix, Squibob), Artemus Ward, The Nasby Papers, Hood's Poems—any collection he could get his hands on.

John Hay pictures him coming after midnight with a volume of Hood in his hand to show Hay and Nicolay the little caricature, An Unfortunate Bee-ing—"Seemingly utterly unconscious," says Hay, "that he with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at."

As Lincoln's love of stories became generally known, clever publishers both here and in England took to crediting items in their collections to him—naming books after him. There was Old Abe's Jokes, which announced on its title page that it was "Fresh from Abraham's Bosom, containing all issues excepting the greenbacks to call in some of which this book is issued." Two editions of Kempt's American Joe Miller were published in London in '65, containing many stories attributed to Lincoln. The first volume appeared in January; the other came after his assassination, and the editor in his preface pays a touching tribute to Lincoln.

It would be idle to suppose that all the stories attributed to Lincoln in these jest books or otherwise ever passed his mouth. "Lincoln's latest" was often no doubt something Lincoln had never heard. Even certain stories told of him which one would like to believe were his, because of their peculiar aptness, are doubtful. There is that perfect answer that he is said to have made to the anxious citizen who came to him to tell him that Grant drank. "Could you tell me the brand of the liquor he uses? I would like to send a barrel to some of my other generals."

MAJOR ECKERT, who organized the military telegraph, once asked him if the story was true. It would have been very good if he had said it, replied Lincoln, but he did not. He supposed it was charged to him to give it currency.

"The original of the story," he went on, "was in King George's time. Bitter complaints were made to the king against General Wolfe. It was charged that he was mad. 'Well,' said the king, 'I wish he would bite some of my other generals, then.'"

Undoubtedly many stories which did originate with him are told by different writers in such different forms as to make their authenticity seem questionable. For instance, that very good bootblacking story Carl Schurz tells in his Reminiscences. According to him, an Englishman traveling in this country called on Mr. Lincoln and said, "I have heard with astonishment that gentlemen in America black their own boots."

"That is true," said Mr. Lincoln. "But do not gentlemen in your country do that?"

"No, certainly not," the Englishman replied.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "whose boots do they black?"

The more common version places the dialogue in the White House, where Charles Sumner exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Lincoln, do you black your own boots?"

"Yes; whose boots should I black?"

The public delighted in the story. Whether it was authentic or not, it was like him.

As for the Grant story, the public accepted it because it so perfectly illustrated what they had come to see was his way with men.

Lincoln could use Scripture to fix a value, explain an act, expose humbuggery, with the ease and sureness of his stories.

When the decision to issue greenbacks had been made, the Cabinet debated solemnly whether or not the motto on its hard money, "In God we trust," should be put on the new currency. Lincoln listened and finally said quizzically, "Why not say, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee'?"

QUITE as quick-witted was an appeal to Bible history when called upon to explain the appointment to an important post of a man who had been concerned early in the war in a radical organization bordering on sedition.

"He did behave ugly, didn't he?" Mr. Lincoln said. "But I have scriptural authority for appointing him. When Moses was on Sinai getting a commission for Aaron, Aaron was at the foot of the mountain setting up a false god; but Aaron got his commission just the same."

He would even poke fun at political necessities which he himself regarded.

"My Cabinet has shrunk up North," he told a friend in 1864 after the resignation of Postmaster-General Blair. "I must find a Southern man. I suppose if the twelve apostles were to be chosen nowadays the shriek of locality would have to be heeded."

Good-humored as Mr. Lincoln's stories and sayings usually are, they could—often did—show the bitterness he felt over the pretensions of men, their excuses for failure.

The night after the first Battle of Bull Run he lay on his office couch listening to explanations.

"Ah, yes," he said finally. "I see. We beat the enemy and then ran away from him."

Looking down on the encamped Army of the Potomac after the retreat from Antietam, he said to a friend, "What is that?" "Why, Mr. Lincoln," the man replied, "it is the Army of the Potomac." "No," he said ironically; "you are wrong. It is General McClellan's bodyguard."

"See here," said Lincoln to a gentleman who begged a brigadier-generalship for a friend. "See here. You're a farmer. Suppose you had a large cattle yard full of all sorts of cattle—cows, oxen, and bulls—and you kept killing and selling and disposing of the cows and oxen, taking good care of your bulls. By and by you would find you had nothing but a yard full of old bulls, good for nothing under heaven. Now, it will be just so with the army if I don't stop making brigadier generals."

A fleet had been fitted out; its destination was properly enough kept secret. Consumed by curiosity, a visitor, after beating about the bush, bluntly asked, "Where has it gone?"

"I will tell you," whispered Mr. Lincoln. "It has gone to sea."

He had reason enough to believe that a good many bankers of the country considered themselves first. One day a party was introduced by the Secretary of the Treasury, who said, "I can vouch for their patriotism and loyalty, for as the Good Book says, 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

"There is another text," Mr. Lincoln replied. "'Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

Taking it all in all, no man ever used seasoned humor more potently for the public good than Abraham Lincoln.

THE END

BUT DOCTOR..I CAN'T LIVE ON RAW TURNIPS *even if it would make my teeth beautiful* (BUT HOW SHE LOVES DENTYNE)

Poor Miss D! When the doctor told her about the beautiful teeth many uncivilized races had, she thought he was prescribing their diet for her. How delighted she was to find that she could get better mouth health and sturdy, clean teeth — just by chewing Dentyne Gum.

For Dentyne is a delicious gum, with a marvelous flavor. It is the favorite everyday chewing gum of millions who chew it just for pleasure.

The special consistency of Dentyne means vigorous, thorough chewing. And this chewing exercises the mouth and makes it clean itself automatically, just as nature intended. It is the lack of this hard, vigorous chewing that makes our teeth decay, in spite of all our care. Read this report based on famous doctors' writings:

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the health of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth . . .

. . . to help develop the mouth structure to normal size and shape;

. . . to improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth;

. . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy by insuring a proper supply of blood to all tissues;

. . . to help keep the mouth and teeth clean through an increased flow of saliva.

Dentyne Gum is made with a special consistency to give your mouth the exercise necessary to bring about these healthful results.

So chew Dentyne. Enjoy its delightful flavor, its firm chewiness. Try it today and you will want to chew it every day. It is a delicious chewing gum.

Chew delicious

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

A Ship of Gold and a Princess' Love: Here's an Adventure in Thrills—The Strangely Stirring Story of a Secret of the Sea

The Passion in Her Heart

BY BEATRIC

(Reading time: 22 minutes 36 seconds.)

EVERY one was dead, and I had enough to live upon but nothing to live for. So I came back to the South Seas.

I had left Tangaroa in eighteen hundred and no matter when, a young fellow with black hair, and a pair of shoulders on him, and a waist, and a leg, and an eye. . . . When I came back, in nineteen thirty-three, I was gray-haired, and the waist was there no longer, and the leg wasn't much to boast of, and over the eyes that the island girls once loved I wore round glasses rimmed with tortoise shell.

I knew that the old dreams would not be waiting for me on Tangaroa Beach, any more than my own lost youth. I should find Tangaroa spoiled.

They had a picture show. But Tangaroa, bless her, bless her delightful folk, was not spoiled—so I found. She had been able to assimilate just as much civilization as she wanted (and that was little) without destroying her charm. She took things from outside and made them—Tangaroa.

The pictures. Girls and youths sitting on the floor, robed in flowery *parius* and the delightful island smock; jasmine in their hair and accordions and guitars in their hands; and playing and singing, and singing. All through the picture they made their own orchestra.

I came away from that picture show with tears in my eyes, which vanished quickly when I was addressed by the man taking tickets at the door.

"Seen you come by the boat," he said. "How do you like our people? Fair dotty, aren't they? Do you know" —he spat on the ground—"that they'll pay half a load of copra for one of them jingly guitars but not a bean for the best gramophone you could import from 'ome? They don't give a man a chance with a decent store. I wish I was back in Poplar!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HENRY ALAN

Veiled by salty deposits of the great ocean—there lay the ship!

I left him, still grumbling, and slipped away into the darkness, along the soft dusty road. That hadn't changed; there was no tarmac here, not a motor vehicle, save the Resident's celebrated Ford Model T, which had just departed in a crash of gears. For the rest, it was like old days. And well I remembered it all: the river of stars above, the warm, the swooning scent of jasmine and gardenia; out on the barrier reef, big combers bursting, pale in the darkness; about me, the faint gleam and rustle of muslin dresses, and the murmuring and the low happy laughter that go with island love.

Through all this suddenly cut like a knife the sound of suppressed crying. Sobs, and a girl's voice saying, "Not this boat. Not yet!" A man answering, thickly and hoarsely, "What's the use?"

They were white voices. I was curious. I listened.

"If we could only stay!" the girl said. "It's just like Paradise here. And there might be something in the story, after all."

The man said, "It's a forlorn hope; it's not even that. The islands are full of those treasure stories, and not one of them— Darling, I daren't stay!"

She seemed to know why. There was a faint rustling, followed by a moment's silence, and then a whisper from the girl. The man said (and you could tell that his face was very close to hers), "Clotilde, you're not that kind." And he gave a sigh that seemed to shake him all over.

I was preparing—rather late—to move away, when I heard a thing that stopped me like a bullet. Perhaps, I thought, I was the only one left in the islands who could

have understood. At all events, my scruples against eavesdropping vanished when I heard the girl say, half sighing, half sobbing, "A ship of gold, Davie! Think of it."

He said curtly, "If there was such a thing it'd be needed, every bit. Sis is worse than ever; trained nurse there all the time—and it may last long. And mother is no better. Bill too young to be of any use. Kids will starve unless I— Darling, darling, it wasn't meant that we—"

I thought I hadn't come back to the islands to make myself miserable. I thought I would slip away and go to call on Princess Tuera. It was twenty years since I had seen her—since we parted.

She had gone to bed in the coral-stone dower house that was hers, next the big palace. But she got up at once and lit her lamp. In Tangaroa you may call on any one any hour of night or day—rouse people from their sleep and make them talk to you—and they won't mind; for talking is the chief occupation of the island world.

The light of a tall kerosene lamp, set on the floor, showed me clearly the face and figure of Princess Tuera—and I was amazed, well though I knew how the island royalties can vanquish time. She had always had a face as beautifully cut as the profile on an old Greek coin. It was as fine, as clear as ever, save for one or two faint lines. And her hair, a black cloak of waves and curls, fell down, as it used to, to her very knees.

She knew me at once. She said, "Hai, Waltah!" (My name is Walter Adams.) "You bin a long time coming back, Waltah." And she cut the top off a drinking coconut and handed it to me, quite as if we had met the day before. Years, in the islands, do not seem to count.

We sat there cross-legged on the mats, I in my steamer clothes, and she in a silk robe that she had slipped over her night *pariu*, and it was just like the night—so long ago!—when I had come, with trunk packed and porters waiting, to say good-by to her.

Only, that good-by was said in the big palace; for Tuera was going to be Queen of Tangaroa. There was no British Resident then, and the king, Katava, was a real sovereign, and he was to marry her in a week. So of course I never should have been there, saying good-by to Princess Tuera in her great gilded bedroom at eleven o'clock at night.

She had never been queen, after all. Katava had been killed when hunting wild boar about the crater lake that was said to be an unlucky accursed place. Tuera had married, more than once, and been widowed each time. And that, and the power of the missionary faith among the Tangaroans, led them to believe that she was a sorceress. I, who was no Methodist and who had known her young, knew that there was no sorcery about Tuera, save the sorcery of her exceeding beauty and her brilliant mind. And I knew, too, that she who had married often, and maybe loved lightly, was of all women in the world most faithful to her friends.

SO, when we had sat there a while and the night was waxing late, I said what I had come to say.

"Tuera," I said, laying my hand on hers as long ago I had laid it—sunbrowned English hand on ivory-brown hand of an island princess—"Tuera, you know everything. What is the matter about those two white people, Clotilde and David?"

She said, "Love, Waltah." And to that she added an island word, an idiom that means hesitation in the face of rough weather, fear to encounter dangerous seas.

She told me that Clotilde had come to Tangaroa as companion to a wealthy tourist, a woman who had tired of her and dismissed her with just enough money to take her home again. David—I heard the voice of the princess warm as she spoke of him—David was a proper man, strong, red-haired. (The islanders love red hair, and maybe they are right.) David was doing accountant work on Tangaroa for the steamship company, a temporary job. It was almost finished, and he was due to go back to Auckland by this boat or the next.

He was in love with Clotilde and she was in love with him, and they had no money and no prospects, and were breaking their hearts.

"That is so silly," said the princess, looking at me with her deep eyes. "Money has nothing to do with love!"

"All the same," I said, "those two were so desperate about it that they were actually discussing that mad old story of the ship of gold."

I laughed. When I first came to Tangaroa, as secretary of a well known anthropologist, I had heard enough and to spare of the ship of gold. It was a sun myth, with no more truth in it than the wild tales of fish that came out of the sea and talked.

I said as much to Tuera. She bent her head thoughtfully. "The trouble with you clever men," she said, "is that you're not clever enough."

"What!" said I. "You don't believe in—"

"If you go," she said, "to the top of the volcano hill, twelve o'clock tomorrow, it is the only day in the year when you shall see—"

There she broke off, holding up one hand. I listened. I thought I heard a stealthy footstep passing. I rose very quietly and looked out. There was nobody. But the toa trees came close up to the house; a man might easily have slipped away under cover.

"What is it?" I asked. "Why should any one—"

She said, "There is a white man here who say he love me. But I am not wishing to have him—not to clean the sand from my shoes. He is not chief in his own country; he is slave, I think. And he is like one of the frogs in the swamp. So!"

She puffed her cheeks and made her eyes stare. It was the very picture of the man who had taken tickets at the film show.

"I know him," I said. "Jimson is the name on his store. He seems a very common kind of fool. But it's damn' cheek of him to come snooping about your house!"

"No fool," she contradicted. "Knave. And, Waltah, when I cut the cards all alone, there's a card that sticks to him tight, tight—the ace of spades."

"Why, that means—" I began; but she laid a flower-scented hand on my lips.

"The word not spoken, Waltah," she said, "is the pigeon in the hand. Speak, and it is the bird who fly loose, crying everywhere." She rose to her feet. "Now I go." She laid both palms for a moment on my forehead. "Sleep well," she said.

NEXT morning I sat opposite to David and Clotilde at breakfast, and saw them beaming with delight over certain bad news that had come to the island. The steamer was back again, with broken-down engines; she would have to stay at least a week to repair. It destroyed the islanders' fruit cargo, but it gave seven golden days to the lovers.

They didn't know who I was; didn't, I suppose, know I was there. David looked about twenty-four or -five, just the right age for a lover. He was shortish, powerful, red-haired, with a set of teeth so perfect that they made you forget his rather undistinguished features, especially when he smiled. He smiled a lot, and laughed now and then, and seemed to like his food.

Clotilde, lucky girl, I perceived to have the type of beauty that has been loved and desired since the beginning of time. Girls with auburn hair and green eyes, girls pale as cream, with mouths too wide for beauty, may pass in novels, where you have to be original. But the girl with the real gold hair and forget-me-not eyes, and the pink cheeks and the flower-bud mouth, continues to draw the hearts of men in the old, old way of love, and always will. Most of us marry other kinds; but that's not because we do not prefer the blue and rose and gold. If I had been David—

But my problem, in the days when I was young in Tangaroa, had been different. And no man can solve the love perplexities of another.

Later in the day I met the pair, bound for the same place as myself—the lake, cupped in the hollow of a dead volcano, where legend, impossibly, had located the ship of gold. We fell into talk together, walking up the slope that led to the steep sides of the peak.

David said:

"We heard about it from a very old white man who died just a little while ago. He used to live with the col-

ored people down by the lagoon; he'd been there fifty years, they said.

"He told us there was a story among the natives about a treasure ship lying under the water of the lake, where she could be seen just on one day of the year."

Clotilde took up the tale: "We left him there, reading his Bible. He said the angel of the Lord would come for him as he did for Elijah. And do you know, it may have been coincidence, but his hut was burned down next day with him in it! It was dreadful, of course, but it gave us a sort of feeling that there might, after all, be something in—"

"Of course there wasn't," David broke in. "He was a careless old fellow, and used to read in bed. White people said it was a sun myth. I'd jolly well like to prove it wasn't, if I had a chance."

"This happens to be the very day," I said. "It has to do with the summer solstice." (I did not know exactly what the summer solstice was, but it sounded well.) "Let's go up

She rose to her feet. "Now I go." She laid both palms for a moment on my forehead.

and look, and I dare say I can prove to you—"

But they were already ahead of me, climbing hard.

Clotilde seemed in brilliant spirits. "The old man told us," she chattered, "that it was black ill luck to meddle with the place. He said he'd never gone within a hundred yards of it. He said the king of the islands was killed there hunting wild boar, and a woman who went out of curiosity fell down the cliffs and was drowned. But there aren't any wild boars now, and Dave and I can swim like fish."

In a very little while we all stood at the top together, looking at the view. Outside, the sea ran close to the dead volcano, creaming in slow breakers upon a lint-white strand. Looking inward, one saw the floor of green water that filled the bottom of the crater cup. There was one break in the walls of the cup—the break that you will find in almost every volcano—and under this I thought the water of the sea must find its way, for the level of the green water inside and the blue outside were the same.

Noon was very near. We stood on the top of the crater cliff, watching the shadows gradually die, the picture of the palms grow foreshortened and small.

A little wind, blown down from the lip of the crater, ruffled the glass of the inner lake and died. I had brought my binoculars with me. I trained them on the water and looked down.

"What do you see?" Clotilde excitedly asked.

I handed her the glass. "Not much," I said. "Take a look if you like."

There really was something; but—

How could it be a ship?

David and Clotilde took turns, and I am obliged to say that these young people simply howled. They gave back the glass. They took each other's hands, and if they hadn't been standing on the rim of a five-hundred-foot precipice I am sure they would have danced.

I remembered that I was like that—once.

"*Don't lay up disappointment for yourself,*" I said. "It couldn't really be anything."

David said, "When it's a question of seeing things, the mind counts for more than the eye. You say it couldn't be, therefore you can't see anything but weeds and lava blocks. We say it could, and so we can see that the thing is really shaped like a ship."

INDEED it was not. The shadow had any shape you liked to give it—a little like a ship, perhaps; not much.

"Oh, well," I said, "have it your own way. But, unless you want the whole island to know what you're after, take cover a bit."

That got him. He had been a Boy Scout not so long ago, and nothing could have pleased him better than acting the goat—or the scout, whichever you like to have it—again. We went down the peak, creeping and hiding.

Clotilde and I, who had dropped a little behind, were catching him up, when she came to a sudden halt. "Look there," she said. And she pointed out what David, busy with his boy-scouting, had missed.

A footprint, like Man Friday's, on the sand of the little beach. Only, it was shod—badly shod, too. A small foot, treading the shoe down on one side.

"That storekeeper Jimson," I said, "wears fives and mends his own boots."

"What sort of a man is he?"

I didn't answer. David had just come up and was telling us proudly that he could swear no one had passed that way for weeks. Clotilde agreed with him smilingly, and I saw her scuffing the sand over the footprint with one of her own shoes while she spoke. "You'll make a good wife," was what I thought.

They took hands and ran away down the slope, leaving me behind. They were half mad with joy.

I did not like that footprint. There was plenty of cover on the peak besides that which David had delightedly used for ourselves. I wondered.

Jimson's store was on the way back to town. I threw a glance at the veranda as I passed. The storekeeper was lying in a cane chair, clothed only in a lava-lava, and barefoot. His boots had been flung into a corner. I thought they looked damp, and so did he. But the day was extremely hot.

"COME in an' 'ave a drink," he invited. "Trade's rotten. Nothing to do. I wish I was back in Poplar, but I'll never see it, unless I win the Irish Sweep or the Golden Casket. Say when."

I didn't want the drink, but I decided to come in. He went on talking: "Lost seventy pound over a second-'and diver's dress that I bought, and shell went down on me. I wish—"

He went on grumbling. I did not hear much of what he said.

I was saying to myself, "I won't. I'm hanged if I will! I'm fifty. I haven't for ages. It would be madness—and nothing in it anyhow."

But the idea of proving that there was nothing in it got hold of me. And I realized that I was about to engage in a piece of folly as useless, as absurd, as any of the crazy adventures of my youth.

David and Clotilde, when I saw them next day, were inclined to agree with me—at least David was—about the sun myth. And Clotilde, who was much more practical than you might have supposed from the color of her hair, had been talking despondently about wreck in the technical sense.

"I know all about it," she said. "I was born in Cornwall, where they used simply to live on wrecks in my grandfather's time. Wrecks belong to the crown—it's stealing if you touch them. Of course they did. But—"

"A rotten law all through," David proclaimed.

"Maybe," I told him curtly. "And maybe not."

"Maybe not *what?*" he demanded.

But I changed the conversation. I had been to Tuera's house again, seen her for a few minutes, and was thinking hard.

Tuera had seventy pounds at command (no matter whence they came) and the diving dress had that day changed hands. Tuera's nephew, a half-caste sheller, was busy overhauling his pearling lugger. Every one in Tangaroa seemed to know already that the young man, who had always been a favorite with the princess, was about to start shelling again, financed by her. The dress was a fine one, of the new kind that doesn't need air tubes or mechanical pumps; it had a sort of little oxygenating plant inside and refreshed its own air.

(Continued on page sixteen)

Take a headache for example

MAYBE YOU OVER INDULGED the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache *stops*. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced compound* of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

(Continued from page fourteen) Tuera had said, "Of course you need a tender. It's deep; it's straight down." And I had said, "Who can I trust? I don't want those babes to be in it till I really know." And she had said, looking at me with those golden-water eyes of hers, "You can trust me." And she added, "Me and a horse."

I told the babes nothing more than was good for them—which was nothing at all. And we got the horse, and muffled its hoofs and loaded the dress on the packsaddle.

It was just after dawn when we tied the horse below the crater lip and removed its load. It was perhaps half an hour later before I was ready to start. My tender had punched and massaged me, all but naked, into the dress (which is the way you begin a dive) and screwed the nuts tight with all her strength. The life line was tied, the helmet on, and the glass ready to screw home. Tuera put her face to the opening and said, "Waltah, how you feeling?"

I said, "Fine—and finer still if you'll kiss me." So she did, and I was that much up on the lost years, though it might have been said that Tuera's packing of me into that dress was a pretty good beginning.

When all was ready, all but the securing of the face glass, she said to me, "Waltah, I would do anything for you. Waltah, you remembah, years ago—"

"Yes," I said softly; and I felt for her hand with my own swelled, tight-cuffed fingers, and held it close.

"Waltah," she said again, "I have made the promise—word of a Tangaroa princess. For you, and for those two young pigeons who can't make their nest together. But—it's ill luck, Waltah; it is not safe."

She knotted the life line a little tighter and stood ready to screw the glass. She kissed me first, with strange deliberate passion. And after the glass was on I could see her, through the thick greenish pane, looking at me—looking. I almost turned back. Would to God I had!

I managed to get my breath satisfactorily before my tender's slow and careful lowering dropped me on the bottom of the lake, about fourteen fathoms down—over eighty feet. And no joke, to a man who had not dived for twenty years!

Light came green through the water, bright enough to show me that I stood indeed among piles of fallen lava rock.

Covered with a forest of weed, and with fragments of lava and columnar basalt dropped down from above, veiled by the salty deposits of the great outside ocean that was part of this inland lake—there lay the ship!

It was seventy or eighty feet long, a mere hulk whose masts and rigging had long since broken away and disappeared. The decks were not intact, but the timbers of the hull seemed to have held together. A sturdy ship, built no doubt in the days when men took pains over their work and troubled themselves little over contracts or dates. They hadn't made such Dutch-built sterns, such strong shearing cutwaters, I was sure, since Crimean days at latest.

"TIME I went up," I thought, when I had stood long there, below, looking at the wreck. I gave the agreed signal, pulled the line. There was no response.

I pulled again. The line shook violently, jerked once or twice, and settled—at last—to a steady pull. I was going up.

I found myself saying inside the helmet, "It was always supposed to be a sun myth"; and then, "It would never do to say that science isn't infallible."

Then I was up, and the blessed light struck like golden spears on the glass, and my feet felt the solid ground of the rock again.

Where was Tuera? Why did she not come to let me loose? I fumbled blunderingly about. I could see hardly anything; I could scarcely hear—

That was a cry! A man's cry. People were struggling. The glass of my helmet was half obscured with weed. I could see nothing but two shadows that reeled up against me, poised for a moment, and fell.

Then I think I went almost mad. I tore at the accursed helmet with my hands; I stumbled, fell over a stone, and lay helpless. I suppose I should have died in a few minutes more.

Somebody was working at the nuts that screwed the glass. They were loose—they were off—and I drank the blessed air. The helmet was unfastened and lifted away. I stood up. I could see! Tuera was not there. There was nobody there but David and Clotilde.

"Where is she?" I cried.

Clotilde, looking frightened, said, "I don't know. We were coming up, and we heard a noise, and we hurried. But when we got here, there was only you, all shut up in the dress."

I had regained my senses now. I saw what Clotilde had not seen: that there was blood on the rock. I tore my way out of the dress, flung some clothes on, and climbed to a point where I could overlook the lake. Through the clear water showed the shadows of the ship of gold, with two smaller shadows beside it. And now I knew where it was that Tuera had gone.

HER body and that of Jimson the storekeeper were found together, clasped in a death grip that nothing would release. She had been stabbed before they fell. And the knife that had struck her had cut the life line, a fragment of which she still held in her hand.

I think that Jimson had followed us secretly, as he had followed and spied before. I dare say he hadn't quite believed the tale of Tuera's nephew. And he hated her for her refusal of his offer. And there was something—it seemed—to be had, surer than Sweeps or Golden Caskets, if only he could keep it to himself. So he cut the life line, and in the fierce struggle that followed—the struggle through which Tuera, marvelously, contrived to keep her hold of the broken end and pull till I came up—she was stabbed. She knew that she would die; and she had in that instant resolved that, for my safety, he should die too.

I think she had foreseen her end: the island kings have powers of second sight. Had she not told me—me, who did not understand—that there was danger?

For the mystery of the ship was mystery no longer, once I could guess at the date of her wreck. There are few people who have not heard of the appalling hurricane that in the fifties destroyed so many peaceful Pacific islands, built up new heights, tore down cliffs and houses, and in more than one well authenticated instance threw full-sized ships right into the midst of tropic forests.

I am perhaps not quite so scientifically minded as I was before the exploding of the famous sun myth. At all events, I found myself almost believing in the curse when I encountered the numerous troubles that barred my way, and the way of the young lovers, to the attainment of the treasure we really found to be there. Obtaining leave to investigate; difficulty in the finding of the gold—a big shipping of ingots sent home from one of the earliest of the Australian fields; claim on the part of the crown to the ownership of everything which they classed as "wreck."

Well, it ended at last. I had been sure that the lake was really part of the sea, and that being so, my lawyer was able to prove that the treasure was "jetsam" and belonged to the original owners—a firm of exporters still existing in London. We claimed salvage, and got it, to the amount of twenty-five thousand pounds. From this I deducted my expenses, and the rest went to build the walls of Paradise for David and Clotilde.

Paradise far from the South Seas. You cannot live in the islands, the happy islands, when you are rich; and that they found, as others have found before them. I shall not see them again. They heard the great world's drum, and marched to the beat of it—away.

As for me, I bought the little coral-stone cottage that Tuera had lived in; and I live there, and hope, some day, there to die. Of nights, when the great Pacific combers break in snow and thunder on the far-out reef, and the unquiet toa trees, planted for the dead, mourn above the marbles that lie cold on Tuera's once warm heart, it seems to me sometimes as if all the time that I lived between my leaving her and my return, a lifetime after, were nothing but an hour. And as if an hour—not more, however many the years—lies between now and the time when I shall return to her again.

THE END

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Terminal cabs are carrying one million passengers a month. They have the private stand privilege at the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Terminals, at the ferries serving the West Shore, Lackawanna, Erie and Central Railroad of New Jersey, and at the steamship piers.

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(Reading time: 8 min. 25 sec.)

A Housewife

THIS morning I found myself feeling enraged. I was angry at my fellow Americans.

I knew that there were in this nation millions of other women who felt as I felt and who, like myself, could do nothing about it. Their opinions, when thrust into masculine discussions, were laughed at, or at best disregarded.

I live in an apartment in New York. My husband and I own a home in the country; it represents the major part of our savings in the past few years. We own the furniture in the house and the furniture in our apartment. We have two medium-priced automobiles. In a bank vault we have a small but proud sheaf of securities which we have purchased outright. Those things are important to me, but the loss of them would not be unendurable. There are many causes to which I would sacrifice them.

I have one child. Before many months have passed I shall have another.

I have one servant, but I shop, share in the cooking, make some of my own clothes. I put buttons on my husband's suits and mend his socks.

The nature of his business keeps us in contact with people of all walks of life. Among our friends are bankers, brokers, manufacturers, politicians, writers, newspapermen, publicity men, editors, lawyers, and a good many persons from the stage.

That's my stake. My child, my unborn child, my husband, myself, my friends, my relatives, and the security of all of us. Most women who read this manifesto will find that they have much in common with me.

Now why am I angry?

Since 1929 it has grown evident to me, as it has to every one, that an epoch of our national history was at an end. Long before the stock-market crash—ten years and more before it—the signs were visible.

The whole world was restless. We were talking about freedom for the young generation and sexual emancipation. Lots of us stopped going to church. Lots of us started to drink cocktails. We found that when you broke the old rules the world did not collapse instantly. And even in the early 1920s a few of us were beginning to think that it was shameful for hundreds of thousands to starve in hovels in the midst of plenty.

With the boom years we put aside our social theories and joined in the parade of easy money.

And then, after the boom came (if I may be unladylike) the bellyache.

For a while it was just a sucker's lament.

But it began to be really serious. It began to be more than a passing colic. And nobody did anything about it.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HERBERT F. ROESE

And while our male acquaintances were growing blithe with every little market lift and then sinking into despair with the subsequent drops, I kept wondering if they really had their eyes fastened on the true gauge of our national life.

New machines were throwing labor out of work. To me, it wasn't just a phrase. It meant ragged babies and no meat for supper. Dwindling foreign markets added to the list of unemployed. Lowered consumption at home dropped millions more. The farmers were hungry on their fertile fields. A vast segment of our population was in want. And still the men watched the tickers and the quotations.

A year ago—just before the banks closed—I had the jitters.

A good many people who are usually sensible were talking about the revolution. They didn't know who would start it, but they conjured up a rising tide—a screaming, killing tide—that would ride across the land and destroy it. My husband said that the Americans would never stage a revolution, because they would cling to the thought that in America any man could make a fortune,

Looks at the President

In Which One Voter Gets Good and Mad, and Speaks Her Mind on a Number of Things

By

Mrs. PHILIP WYLIE

any man could be President—while in socialistic and communistic countries no one owned anything. But history makes it plain that the American people can get mad. And the American people were being sorely tried.

Sometimes I could see the hungry millions all over the nation, sick of dallying, sick of being leaderless and planless, of suffering in the sight of abundance, saying, "We are men, not puppets of an idiotic system," and taking things.

I was appalled by the duration of the depression. We had no plan. We had no distribution of goods. We had no system of sharing work.

Remember, I am a woman. But suffering in the sight of abundance! Does it not seem absurd?

I said that a year ago.

Then a new President stepped into the White House.

He seemed to have some inkling of the proposition.

The banks were in as bad a muddle as if they had been run by lunatics. He closed them. He started tens of thousands of young men—youths who were being ruined mentally and morally by need of work—toward the forests and improvement of our vast public lands. He shortened permissible hours of work so that more might share in the available occupations, and he set a minimum wage. He struck so swiftly at the fearful blemish of prohibition that we are still stunned by its departure. He organized vast public works.

He set up colossal funds to protect depositors in banks, other mountains of money to assist in worthy constructive enterprises, and still others to bulwark the dissipating resources of utilities and private corporations. He founded a system of returning to the farmers some of the profits of their produce.

He took a sword and laid about himself.

That was less than a year ago.

To me—a woman—it seemed as if at last out of the fog and tumult, out of the greed and stupidity, had come something very like a Man.

My husband thought so. My friends thought so.

Of course we did not wake up into Utopia in a fortnight. Utopia, strange as it may seem, has a good many enemies in America.

I'm not a socialist, not a communist, not even consistently a Democrat or a Republican.

I just happen to be a human being.

And I've been all over this country. I've seen the grapefruits lie ungathered on the acres of Florida. I've seen oil pour away in Texas. I've seen bananas dumped in New York. I've seen meat spoil in carloads in Chicago. I've seen miles of unharvested corn in Kansas. I've seen idle iron mines and copper mines. I can point to smokeless chimneys from my window. And I can show you the people who need those things.

All over America people are thus putting two and two together.

The leader of those sane computers is the President.

I do not know him.

I know a number of his friends.

And the reports they brought of him to my house when he took office were encouraging. Their enthusiasm for the boldness with which he acted in the first weeks of his term was boundless. They said that he had courage and vision and genius. The President of the United States had never before been especially important to me—but now he had become the most important man next to my husband. He controlled my broad future and the future of my children, and he was controlling it with wisdom and impartiality.

Then time began to pass.

Our currency was slightly expanded. The currency of almost every other nation on earth had been expanded. Some inflations had been disastrous; some had been beneficial. Long before President Roosevelt stepped into the White House people were talking about it. What, they asked, could we do with our enormous internal debts—federal, state, county, municipal? How could we manage to fill the pork barrel of the past? And so on. It wasn't a new problem. Europe had welshed on us and we were in hock to ourselves.

I understood inflation. I had no panacea. It seemed to me that, one way or another, a lot of financiers and holding companies and realtors and investment houses and cities were bound to go broke. Inflation or maintenance of the gold standard was equally sure to cause financial catastrophes.

The President resolutely selected the course, steered it, and said nothing.

But from the land a horrible wail had risen.

Bankers rushed to Washington with torn-out hair and bitten nails. One-idea economists summoned to help the President abandoned him. Mr. Sprague made a hurt and acid speech and deserted. Mr. Smith spoke furiously about baloney money. The "dead cats" referred to by General Johnson were indeed flying thick and fast.

MANY of my friends who had been almost fatuous in their admiration of the President are veering. Into their conversation has come suspicion and talk of a new approaching doom.

I must keep out of the argument. I am a woman. I do not especially care about our currency. I am interested quite simply in any system that will furnish all the *people* with all the *things* they require.

In a nation of abundance a system that fails to do that is the quintessence of human folly.

To me, money is useful and desirable because it stands for useful and desirable things. I do not care what we use for money. Gold is pleasantly heavy. But sea shells would suit me. I care about human beings. You. Your children. My children. I care about the things we need.

I think any plan, put in force intelligently and pursued with sense and strength, would accomplish the ends I have in mind. I think the President has such a plan. I think his resources, and his possible measures to keep us from making fools of ourselves, are at this moment only minutely appreciated.

I do not just say let us stand behind him.

I say that those who at this time idiotically and hysterically criticize and dissent are rampant fools. The man in the White House needs help.

Already people are commencing to renege because their own pet theories are not altogether like the plans of the nation's leaders, and because they fear for their own petty hoards.

That makes me madder than hell.

But I am a woman!

THE END

The Real Tragedy of DOUG and MARY

An Intimate Revelation of the Things that Wrote Finis to the Twentieth Century's Most Famous Love Story

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 19 minutes 10 seconds.)

EVEN now, with their love story at an end and the breach between them made irreparable by divorce proceedings, the love of Doug and Mary is still enshrined in their souls, Miss St. Johns declared as she opened this account of their real tragedy in Liberty last week.

Mary, "suffering but undefeated," is beginning life over again, she said. Indeed, strange as it seems, Mary is happy, the reason being that she has at last found God, "a God of hope that makes the future bright and beautiful." And the outcome may be that Mary, "whom the world has always loved, will become one of the great religious leaders of our century."

Miss St. Johns recalled the idyllic first phase of the Fairbanks-Pickford romance, "a perfect Cinderella story" with Doug for the Prince Charming. The pair met in 1918, campaigned in a Liberty Loan drive, fell blissfully in love. Mary was already separated from her husband, Owen Moore; Doug and Beth Sully Fairbanks had gone different ways, and now, in 1919, she gave him full legal freedom. But Mary, when it came to seeking the like for herself, was beset by a dilemma that made her wretched. Her religion forbade divorce, her mother opposed it, her advisers warned that her public would never forgive it.

In the end love prevailed. She brought suit against Moore, and within a month she and Doug were married.

Part Two—Ghosts and Memories

FOR ten years—from their wedding day in March, 1920, until Douglas went alone to England in April, 1930—Doug and Mary were never separated. Not for one day or one night, hardly for an hour.

For ten years they were the world's ideal married couple, photographed, written about, beloved—as one. It was always Doug and Mary.

Yet throughout those ten years there was a strange superstition in Mary's Irish heart. Never at any time would she discuss her marriage for publication. Never would she speak with any one of the happiness of her married life.

"Both Douglas and I are very superstitious about it," she told me once, when I was writing a story about the ideal romance of Pickfair. "You can say anything you like about it, as long as you don't quote us. We—well, we just feel it might be bad luck to talk about it. Whenever you *brag* about a thing like that, it always seems to come crashing down."

Today Mary wishes she had never remodeled Pickfair, never changed the dear familiar comfortable home, with its bright chintzes and deep chairs, into the exquisitely white formal mansion of today.

"It always seems to bring bad luck to remodel the house you've been happy in," she said, "or to build a big new home that's going to be 'just perfect.' I've noticed it a good many times. Perhaps it's because you start remodeling life from the outside, instead of from the inside. Everything will never be perfect anywhere until you've learned to be happy in your own heart in spite of anything. I know that now."

It was while Douglas was in the South Seas for long months that Mary refurnished and redecorated Pickfair. She spent a fortune on it and endless hours of thought and care. Douglas should find it perfect and beautiful and shining when he returned. But Douglas never really came home after that, except for brief visits, and there was never any real happiness in the new place.

Now Pickfair stands upon its lovely tree-covered hill, untenanted except for its ghosts and its memories. Mary is in New York, living in a hotel. It is bitter but it is true that much as she loves Pickfair,

This picture of Doug and herself is Mary's favorite. It was taken in their marriage and honeymoon year, 1920.

she finds it haunted now with her dreams that never came true; she finds it empty without Doug. And Doug is somewhere in Europe, he is seen here and there with the beautiful Lady Ashley, he spent his Christmas in snow-clad mountains. Yesterday I made a visit to the United Artists Studio in Hollywood. The enormous plant lay white and gold in the sunshine, its lawns and flowers neatly trimmed, its wide streets and giant stages humming with activity. In the lobby two huge pictures hang side by side—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Along the upper corridors of the big executive building are still important signs, side by side —Mary Pickford Company, Douglas Fairbanks Company. You remember the day when Mary climbed a stepladder to put up that first sign that joined them: Pickford-Fairbanks Studio. How excited they were!—what great plans they had for the future!

Mary's lovely bungalow, where Douglas in sweat shirt and trunks was always invading Mary's dainty domain, is deserted. The door of Douglas's famous gymnasium and Turkish bath, which used to open instantly when Mary came to her door and called "Tinker," is closed.

A girl who has worked as a stenographer with the Pickford-Fairbanks organization for many years saw me and came up to say hello.

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

"Somehow I can't believe it yet," she said. "I keep thinking back to the time when they were first married. They were the happiest people I had ever seen in my life. We all thought that—all of us. Why, I remember a dress Mary used to wear —it was pink and it had some woolly stuff on it, and how Douglas used to look at her. She was the cutest thing that ever was—and he just adored her, that's all. Why, honestly, it was like something you read about in books, and for years it was fun to come to work because they'd be here. Now—well, I just can't believe it."

It was, in truth, like something out of a book. Every one felt it from the moment the world took "Doug and Mary" to its heart. For Mary's inner faith had been justified. The world did forgive her.

You see, even when she was warned on every side, even when her mother seemed to see nothing but disaster ahead for "America's sweetheart," deep in her heart Mary carried a secret faith. To herself, when she prayed, she said, "Oh, I know people will understand. I am not doing anything that seems wrong to me. Every one has always been so kind to me, they will sympathize with such love as Douglas and I have for each other. I love them all and they love me and I hope they will forgive me."

People did understand. Any criticism there might have been was swept away in the sheer excitement and thrill of it all. Soon the world loved Doug and Mary together more than it had loved them separately. The king and queen had been united and it was a love match.

Why, it was all perfect, it was all glorious!—and no one would have dared suspect any rift in the lute that played so exquisite a serenade.

Yet, now, looking back, we know that there was a first discordant note even upon their honeymoon—and even though they themselves didn't hear it.

The honeymoon trip to Europe in 1920 was a triumphal procession, with millions cheering the dark and dashing Douglas and his shy and famous bride. Everywhere they went they were re-

In circle: Mary as she may have looked when fear for her ailing mother made her search for God.

Above, newlyweds, arriving gayly in New York in 1920 to pick a president for United Artists.

At right, Mary and Doug in their happy days, outside Doug's private gymnasium.

ceived by royalty, received as royalty. The streets were lined with flags and flowers. Enthusiastic multitudes cheered their every step. Hotels were jammed with people waiting a glimpse of Doug and Mary—above all, of Mary. There were committees of celebrated names, there were photographers and interviewers, there were important personages with long and resounding titles to pay homage to this world-renowned couple, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Doug smiled and flashed his teeth and leaped about through crowds and shook hands with every one in his delightful way and had a perfectly swell time. He loved it.

Mary was as gracious as any queen; she smiled and waved her little hand—and suffered horribly. She hated it.

When in London they met her best and dearest friend, Frances Marion, who was also upon her honeymoon with Fred Thomson, the famous athlete and war chaplain, Mary wept with joy. "Oh, can't we go away somewhere, just we four? Can't we fly to Holland and have a wonderful quiet time away from every one else in the world?" she cried.

So they flew to Holland, but Douglas had wired ahead and they were met by committees and burgomasters and representatives of the court, and even upon the peaceful canals of Holland the crowds gathered to cheer them.

The quiet romantic journey, seeing for the first time the beauties of which she had dreamed, the honeymoon that was to be theirs alone, their first glorious days as man and wife just never happened. They never spent a waking hour alone. They lived in the midst of crowds and people. Every move was arranged ahead of time.

It wasn't a honeymoon. It was a royal tour.

It wasn't long before Mary realized that Douglas loved all this. It wasn't long before she felt a little lost, a little frightened.

In spite of her great fame, her unequaled popularity, Mary Pickford had led a quiet life, had been seen in public only upon rare occasions and then in a more or less public capacity. All her life she had been afraid of crowds, as some people are afraid of heights or closed places. Never had she enjoyed meeting strangers.

Putting up "that first sign that joined them. How excited they were!—what plans they had!"

IT was Mary's desire to grow into a cultured, well read, traveled woman—to repair the lack of education in her early years, when she had given up her schooling to go on the stage as a child and earn a living for herself and her mother, for Lottie and Jack. But the years of struggle and poverty had impressed themselves deeply upon her and had given her a sense of values that was very real and very honest. After all, Mary was one of the people. She had been hungry, she had been cold, she knew what suffering was. And she never lost that close touch with humanity.

It was many, many years before Mary understood that Doug had a celebrity complex.

I do not think that to this day she has ever even glimpsed what so many people close to her in those early days understood and feared, her mother among them—that Douglas had in the beginning fallen in love as much with Mary Pickford, the most famous and beloved woman in the world, as with Mary herself. She was the world's greatest celebrity, and Doug was dazzled by that as well as won by her personal charm and beauty.

A man who was very close to Mary in both a professional and a personal way when Mary first met Douglas, said to me, "I watched every step of that romance and marriage from the inside. Douglas was mad about Mary, he worshiped her. But it wasn't in him to love her as she loved him. He didn't have the capacity. Her mother knew it. I think Mrs. Pickford was the smartest woman I have ever known.

"From the beginning Doug always sacrificed Mary. She always bore the brunt of everything, if there was any to be borne. In April, 1918, when we were all on the Liberty Loan drive in New York, there was some unpleasant publicity about Doug and Mary—the first she had ever experienced. We asked Douglas then to make a statement, to clear Mary of any accusation that she had broken up Douglas's first marriage, which we all knew was untrue. But Douglas took the first train to Detroit and left Mary alone to face it—and she did, as she always did.

"It's always been the same. Mary, as we saw it then, was always so real and so honest. And Douglas was always the actor. But she didn't see it for years—perhaps she's never seen it."

MARY loved her friends—Frances Marion, Micky Neilan, Lillian Gish—and she worshiped her family. Her little brother Jack was her idol and no one could make Mary laugh as Jack could.

But she hated society, she hated strangers, and she was, in truth, afraid of them.

Money and grandeur and the ways of society were new to her, and she cared nothing for them. She has never quite grown accustomed to them nor taken them for granted, for all that today she is a real "great lady."

Mary took life seriously. The twelve-year-old girl who waited eight long months in New York, eating one meal a day, walking fifty blocks downtown, sleeping in a morris chair, in order to get her first interview with David Belasco, couldn't very well take it any other way.

Except for her longing for love and romance, she had been content and happy in her life. Then she fell in love with Douglas, and her whole life began to change.

Not all at once. Not drastically. But it began to change nevertheless. It was no longer Mary Pickford, queen of her own life and her own career. It was Mary and Doug. And Doug had very different ideas about life.

The mad honeymoon was over, and though Mary had hated the crowds and the publicity and the people, she loved Douglas more and more every day, and he loved her, and they were gloriously happy. Everything was perfect, everything was rosy with love. What did any little differences matter?

They went back to Pickfair, the first and only home Mary had ever known, which she had always loved, and loved more now that she and Douglas were to share it. And began three years that were to be the happiest either of them ever knew.

Perhaps it wasn't a very wise life that they lived in those three years. But it was a joyous one.

Pickfair was a romantic hermitage. A castle of romance shut away from the outside world. Except on business, there weren't ten people in Hollywood who ever went inside its doors. There it stood, the gray-shingled house with its sloping roof, its gay awnings, and shining windows, surrounded by acres of trees—and the sightseeing busses stopped and people craned their necks and every one who came to Hollywood wanted to drive by Pickfair. But within, Doug and Mary lived in divine

isolation. They had only one really intimate friend — Charlie Chaplin. He roamed in and out at will, dined with them two or three times a week, and was their neighbor on the adjoining hill. George Fawcett, the grand old actor, came every Sunday to dinner. D. W. Griffith, Joe Schenck, people connected with them in business occasionally came. And their families.

But there was no social life at Pickfair then. No dinner parties were ever given, no luncheons. Doug and Mary didn't want any. They were completely happy.

They had their work—and they had each other.

Their days were spent at the studio—their studio. It was their domain. Mary's studio bungalow was actually a little home, and it was a dream of beauty. It had a small drawing-room with a big fireplace, a dressing room and bath, a paneled dining room with a kitchen behind it. Mary kept a staff of servants there—a cook and butler and maid. After all, she spent more time there than anywhere else.

DOUGLAS had a wonderful gymnasium and Turkish bath and a huge office with leather chairs and a dressing room, and he kept an entourage of trainers and athletic coaches.

Always they lunched together, sometimes with writers and directors who were working on their pictures, more often alone. Many nights they dined at the studio as well. They were almost incredibly busy. Their productions were enormous, particularly Doug's. And Mary had as much to do with Doug's pictures as she did with her own. The business details of the organization fell largely into Mary's hands; she had a genius for business and she liked making money. But it was the pictures—their pictures—that absorbed them, from the moment the idea for a story was selected right through to the completed product and its marketing. They discussed their stories, costuming, publicity, casts, directors. They saw each other's rushes every day. It is almost enough for a star to act in a picture. Mary and Doug produced as well.

At night they went home to Pickfair and ran some one else's picture in their own projection room, to see what was happening in other studios.

To Mary it was the ideal existence. Motion pictures were her life—had been for years. She had grown up with them and she loved them and she loved "her people," for she was in truth the undisputed queen of Hollywood. Douglas was making adventure pictures which satisfied his love of excitement.

They were supremely devoted.

From the very beginning they lived at a high pitch of romance—at a fever pitch. The excitement, the romantic fervor of their courtship carried through into their married life.

From the very beginning Douglas's terrific jealousy inclosed Mary within

SHE SAYS "I HATE YOU!"...

but she means

"PLEASE HELP ME!"

THERE SHE LIES—a strange little mixture of anger and tears.

And a Mother's instinct should whisper, "*Trouble!—something's wrong.*"

Delay is unwise, Mother

Tears may often be traced to acid stomach, flatulence, sour stomach—to the uncomfortable first stages of a cold. They may be due to constipation—a disorder affecting 90% of all children.

The safest treatment for any of these troubles is a laxative. But surely a *child's* laxative! Often adult laxatives are too strong for children.

Give Fletcher's Castoria

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is *made especially for children.* It is a gentle, safe intestinal stimulant—not an uncomfortable irritant, like Castor oil. It contains NO NARCOTICS—never upsets digestion! Children all love its pleasant taste. Buy the "family size." It is more economical—and look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton.

• • •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

walls which shut out even her best friends. He wanted her to himself.

Doug was literally jealous of every one and everything. If Mary and some girl friend spoke to each other and laughed, he was convinced they were talking of old times before he knew Mary. If she went to the hairdresser's or to buy a pair of shoes, he would telephone her half a dozen times to be sure she was where she said she was going to be. If she went out to lunch with a close friend, he usually followed her and would suddenly appear in the midst of the salad course. Once when she went to lunch with two women friends, he drove her to the house and insisted upon going in to see that a certain famous director, who was working with one of the women at the time, wasn't concealed anywhere about.

It has often been said in Hollywood that Mary helped to ruin her romance because in the early days she always had her mother and Jack about. But the truth is, Doug threw her completely upon her family for any outside companionship, except that which came about in her work.

The story of her refusal upon their second trip to England to dance with Prince George is well known. Mary said very sweetly that she had never danced with any one but her husband. That was true. Nor did Douglas ever permit her to sit next to any other man at the table.

Of course Mary loved it. To her his jealousy was part of the great love he bore her. It was proof of his adoration. That he wanted her all to himself, that he wanted no other man to touch her or look upon her was to her supremely romantic and it kept romance alive. This was the love, the romance for which she had yearned all her life, and it thrilled her to her soul to know that it was lasting year after year.

She and Douglas were still lovers, living a perpetual honeymoon.

Neither of them realized in those days that there couldn't be a perpetual honeymoon, that romance must mellow and ripen into sane and understanding love or it will burn itself to ashes.

Mary, like most women, was content with such love and such a life. She wanted no change. Love could be her whole existence—so she thought. The time was to come when even Mary found out that it couldn't; when she was forced to choose between her love and her work.

DOUGLAS, dramatizing himself and everything around him as usual, was creating a legend. He was the hero of the world's greatest modern love story, and the heroine was America's sweetheart. What more could a man wish? And in time he found that there were other things for which a man might wish and must have and would take.

But that time was not yet.

Perhaps the real trouble was that they were basically as different as two people could be.

Mary was and always will be essentially a student. She concentrated upon the things of the mind as Douglas concentrated upon the things of the body. And while she tried to enter into his interests, he never made the slightest attempt to understand her studious efforts over books of science and history and languages and music.

In 1924, four years after their honeymoon trip, they went to Europe again. Mrs. Pickford went with them.

It was a triumphal affair. But Mary's heart was very heavy. Behind her gracious smile and manner she hid a terrible fear that grew with every hour. Mary knew that her mother was desperately, dangerously ill, and she knew the name of the dread incurable disease that had attacked her. But she didn't think her mother knew, and so she must be unusually cheerful, she must be gay every moment when she was with her mother, she must show no signs of her fear.

Mrs. Pickford knew. She knew that so far as the science of medicine was concerned, she was doomed not only to death but to endless suffering. But she didn't think Mary knew, and above all things she didn't want Mary to know. Her prayer was what it had always been, "Dear God, keep my baby happy."

So, behind the panorama of that European tour, Mary and her mother played the sad game of smiling above broken hearts.

IT was her mother's illness more than anything else that sent Mary once more in search of God. It was the terror for her mother that tore her from her absorption in Doug, and sent her back to her need of something more than human aid.

So, for the first time, she turned to a new conception of God. She began to seek deeply for a God who had created man perfect and meant him to remain so. She turned to books, to study, and to prayer.

And while she carried on the outward life of Mary Pickford, of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, while she did all the things that Douglas desired, she carried on an inner life that was a seeking for a Truth that would heal.

It would be unjust to Douglas Fairbanks to say that he ever in any way hindered her seeking. He didn't. In his devotion to his wife he wanted her to have whatever brought her happiness.

But he himself was not interested.

The whole business bored him, and that is the truth, as every one knows who saw them together. He felt, as many men of his type feel, that he was a decent honest man, living a clean life according to his own code of conduct.

He did the best he knew, he was honest and he spoke the truth—and if there was a hereafter they'd have to make the best of that as far as he was concerned.

So that as Mary became more and more vitally conscious of her need of this new truth, more and more absorbed in her search, as it became the great interest of her life—there was bound to be some separation of thought between them, though neither realized it then.

The trip in 1924 brought about many changes.

It brought about the first great change in their life—the most important and vital change that ever took place. Douglas, suddenly, was through with the closed garden of their love.

Their great romance was no longer enough.

When they returned, the doors of Pickfair swung open.

It was natural, normal—but it came to Mary, after their secluded years, as an icy shock.

The piteous disappointment that killed hope of a new bond between these most famous wedded lovers of modern times, the amazement of even cynical Hollywood at the rumors that a chasm was opening between them, the gossip about hidden romantic interests in their lives—and the amount of foundation there was for it: all this will be disclosed from inside by Miss St. Johns in the concluding installment of her narrative in Liberty next week.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—In Greek mythology, what was the food and drink of the gods?

2—How many minor planets are known to exist?

3—What is the number of Negroes in the United States?

4—Who was the author of "And the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world"?

5—What is a fakir?

6—For what is the Yakima Valley in Washington noted?

7—The city of Lyon, France, is noted for what industry?

8—How far is the Amazon River navigable?

9—Who was the author of the German poem Die Lorelei?

10—Which art is called "frozen music"?

11—What is a holocaust?

12—At what speed does light travel?

13—What is "seventh heaven"?

14—Where is the Ægean Sea?

15—What is a blazed trail?

16—What and where is the only active volcano in the United States?

17—Who wrote the poem The Diverting History of John Gilpin?

18—What is a cockney?

19—What is a camelopard?

20—When did William Jennings Bryan deliver his famous "cross of gold" speech?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

RISQUE, ROMANTIC, ROLLICKING

By BEVERLY HILLS

The Movie Mélange Presents Comedy in Paris, Love-Making in Vienna, Laurel-Hardying in Chicago, and Mr. Montgomery on a Bus

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ FASHIONS OF 1934

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh, Dorothy Burgess, Hugh Herbert, Henry O'Neill, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Etienne Girardot, Verree Teasdale, Reginald Owen, and others. Directed by William Dieterle.

Warner Brothers this year are specializing in smut of one sort or another. In this picture, unless censors more alert than usual have removed them, occur two of the most broad-minded remarks that have yet found their way into the talkies. Correspondents have frequently suggested that this department should indicate in the case of each picture considered whether or not it is fit for children. As a rule this is impractical because children, like films, are of all sorts. Fashions of 1934 is fit only for children who are exceedingly ignorant or more sophisticated than they should be.

For their betters it is a skillful up-to-date farce-comedy about a quick-money expert (William Powell) who finds his way to Paris with his mistress (Bette Davis) to make a living by forging fashion drawings. Once there, he produces a musical comedy, as is almost traditional with heroes of Warner Brothers pictures. This venture produces usual marital consequences.

The best single character in Fashions of 1934 is a fatigued American business man (Hugh Herbert) who for $50,000 hires William Powell to make Paris ostrich-feather-conscious. Drunken, bedazzled, vague, and hopelessly incompetent, he wanders through the picture wearing a defeated smile and agreeing to every crooked scheme that either Powell or Powell's rival (Reginald Owen) can suggest.

The real purpose of Fashions of 1934 was doubtless to make a wise-cracking comedy containing elements that would appeal to female customers. In this it should be successful. The story stops at five-minute intervals for parades of models wearing everything from lace underclothes to ostrich fans. It would be deplorable if Fashions

Bette Davis and William Powell in Fashions of 1934.

Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in By Candlelight.

the Neatest Trick of the Season..

If you would learn the secret of that flattering, sculptured, right-from-the-hairdresser look, practice the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic habit. It's the trick of many a smart head. Once a week massage the Tonic well into the scalp with a gentle, rotary motion. Apply it to the ends of the hair, too, that are apt to be dry from too frequent curling. If possible, tie a towel around the head for protection and let the Tonic remain on overnight. The next-morning shampoo will leave your hair free of dandruff, soft, lustrous and pliable. Worth trying, isn't it? 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is sold at all good drug and department stores. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1934, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

of 1934 started a cycle (*i.e.*, if it made enough money to justify Warner Brothers in making four more pictures exactly like it), but on its own merits it is handsome, entertaining, and comparatively new original. Shot: Hugh Herbert wondering whether to pay for a round of cocktails for William Powell.

★★½ BY CANDLELIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Nils Asther, Dorothy Revier, Lawrence Grant, Esther Ralston, Warburton Gamble, Lois January. Directed by James Whale.

Every one who has attended the movies during the last three years knows what happens in Vienna. It happens again in this picture. The prince (Nils Asther) who seduces his lady callers and, with particular enthusiasm, a certain opera singer (Esther Ralston) is of less interest to the plot than his valet (Paul Lukas) and the lady's maid (Elissa Landi) with whom the valet becomes friendly in Monte Carlo.

Asked about his love life, the valet describes it as follows: "Mostly servant girls, with sometimes a governess at Christmastime." The title is explained by the methods of seduction which are peculiar to the prince in this picture. As soon as one of his callers feels at home in his flat, he plays I Kiss Your Hand, Madame, on his piano. This is the signal for his valet to turn out the lights, enter with a candelabra and explain that a fuse has blown out. By Candlelight is an easy-going unimportant romantic comedy, amusing if you like wise cracks viewed through a monocle and flavored with champagne.

★★½ SONS OF THE DESERT

THE PLAYERS: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Charlie Chase, Mae Busch, Dorothy Christy, Lucien Littlefield. Directed by William A. Seiter.

Whether or not you like this one will depend on whether or not you like Laurel and Hardy, who are sufficiently popular to have twelve pseudonyms in the countries where their pictures are played in foreign languages. They are known as Helan and Halvan (Norway), Gog und Cokke (Germany), Dick and Dof (Hungary), Stan es Pan (Poland), Flip i Flap (Roumania), O Bucha e O Estica (Portugal), Crik and Crok (Italy), Xonapoe & Azsnoe (Greece), El Tikhin & Ouel Roufain (Egypt), Hashamen ve Haraze (Palestine), Siman ve Zaif (Turkey).

In Sons of the Desert, Laurel and Hardy tell their wives they are going to Honolulu. They then sneak off to Chicago to the convention of the Sons of the Desert. When they get back, it turns out that the boat from Honolulu has been wrecked. Laurel tells his wife the truth and is rewarded by being allowed to smoke a cigarette. Hardy lies and Mae Busch batters him with chinaware. This is a typical incident. Sons of the Desert includes also Charlie Chase's first appearance in a full-length picture as a delegate to the Sons of the Desert's convention.

Chase currently gets more fan mail than any other comedian in Hollywood. He started as an extra in Universal comedies in 1907. He worked up to being first an extra, then an actor, then a director for Mack Sennett. In 1925 he returned to acting, for Hal Roach. Since then his two-reel comedies, which he writes and directs him-

Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, and Charlie Chase in Sons of the Desert. This is not a sheik picture!

Fugitive Lovers, with Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans, gives us drama in a transcontinental bus.

self, have been the most popular shorts in the country, with the exception of the best Disney cartoons. Chase is thirty-nine, shy, gray-haired, confident that he can play eleven musical instruments, and an expert tap dancer.

★★ FUGITIVE LOVERS

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ruth Selwyn. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky.

Given a collection of unrelated characters, the easiest and usually the most entertaining thing to do with them in the movies is to put them under one roof and see what happens. This formula originated in Grand Hotel. A signal advance was made with Luxury Liner, which showed the group not only under one roof but also in motion. When the formula is completely modernized you will find the same personnel misbehaving in a low-winged monoplane. Fugitive Lovers shows what they do in a transcontinental bus.

Robert Montgomery is a thief, escaping from jail. Madge Evans is a gangster's sweetheart. Warners remembered that a dozen school children were trapped in a bus during a blizzard a year or two ago. The incident occurs in Fugitive Lovers. The picture also contains good journalistic treatment of incidents which should be familiar to all bus travelers—passengers disembarking at a hot-dog stand, sleeping with their heads on each other's shoulders, or whining songs to pass away the time.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses.

★★★—Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return.

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(Reading time: 20 minutes 20 seconds.)

BEN ALLEN was alone in Hardin's store that afternoon. He sat hunched on a plow, his hands clenched between his knees and knots of muscle hard on his jaws. A shadow appeared at his feet and lay there some time before, with a start, he turned his head.

The stranger stood in the February sunshine. His coat collar was turned up, his shoulders were curved to a narrow chest. Muddy trousers hung limp at his ankles, and his shoes, caked with clay, were new.

There was something sinister in this figure, seen in a place where Ozark men tramp heartily in overalls and knee boots. Ben Allen stood up and said, "Howdy, sir?"

The stranger put pale hands in his coat pockets and asked, "Whar's Dave?"

His lips parted slightly and words slid out between them. No one, by looking at him, could have known that he was speaking.

"Up yonder at the house," Ben answered. "You want him called?"

The stranger's glance flicked right and left. He said, "No."

The man seemed eaten by a fever. Gray skin was taut over his narrow jaw and bony eye sockets. His jutting nose and glittering eyes close to it gave him a hawklike aspect.

"Set out a snack of cheese and crackers and a drink," he said. "I walked down from Woodsridge; been a-toilin' through mud since sunup." He paused, and added, "Name's Hardin—Jim Hardin."

It was ten years since Jim Hardin had been sent to the pen for highway robbery.

A Story of Tangled Lives and Loves, and a Plot That Found the Wrong Victim

By

ROSE WILDER LANE

Suddenly the big man roared, "St

Ten years added to twenty-one; he was thirty-one years old now. He looked older.

He pushed back a box of thread and lifted himself to the dry-goods counter. Ben carried to him the crackers and cheese and a bottle of pop.

Ben Allen said slowly, "You heared that Jo Anne Mylston she wedded yore stepbrother Dave?"

"Yeah," Jim Hardin said. Having no knife, he was breaking the cheese with his fingers. "What's it to you?" he asked with a glint of ferocity.

"Nothin', shorely," Ben replied heavily. "Nothin'."

"Well," Jim Hardin said. The word had a dangerous

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN
FALTER

Vengeance

you! What's betwixt you an' Ben?"

sound, but he went on mildly: "Dave he's kindly welcome to her. I never spent ten years broodin' on ary bit of woman-flesh was ever borned. I'm not yere to make ary trouble."

He pushed himself farther back on the counter and sat comfortably there.

Ben Allen spat and ventured, "You got no legal share in yore paw's property. Dave he brung a partition suit, an' bid it in. You heared that?" His eyes were curious.

"Nine years past," Jim Hardin replied with faint scorn. "Well, leave him have it. I never craved to spend my days in this yere shut-in valley nohow."

Stealthily behind bolts of gingham Jim Hardin's hand closed on a spool of black thread. He slipped it into his pocket.

He asked suddenly, "Yo're the Allen boy from Little Possum?"

"Yes. Ben Allen."

"Clerkin' yere? Or got an interest in the store?"

With a faint gleam of humor Ben Allen replied, "If you reckon ary man'll get interest in Dave's property, you don't know Dave."

"He pay you pretty well?"

"Six dollars a week an' board."

"Who's a-farmin' yore old place?"

"Dave is."

There was a little pause after each question and answer.

"Dave he purchased the old Allen place?"

"He taken it. Yore gran'dad traded it to mine for a yoke of oxen back in Civil War time. But thar never was deed recorded. Dave he had the legal papers for it."

Jim Hardin rolled a cigarette. His tongue licked the paper and his sharp glance darted above it. "A right good farm, as I recollect."

Ben Allen said, "Nigh eighty acres of good bottom land."

Slyly Jim Hardin murmured, "An' yo're a-stayin' yere—to—"

The big man moved uneasily. "Oh. I reckon I lack ambition to leave."

There was nothing lazy or careless in his appearance. He did not look like a man without purpose.

Jim Hardin said, "You aim to get even with Dave."

"No," Ben Allen replied. Humor warmed his candid face. "Thar's some folks so low-down, you'd have to crawl on yore belly to get anyways near even with them. I sooner

She fled, wildly screaming, "Ben! Ben! Ben!"

stand up to my full stature. Vengeance it's the Lord's business, the Book says, an' I reckon that He'll tend to it."

Jim Hardin did not move, but it was as though his every muscle relaxed. With faint contempt he said, "You got religion."

"Yes, I got religion," Ben Allen replied simply.

"You reckon the meek inherit the earth. Eighty acres of good bottom land, uh?"

Ben Allen did not answer.

"Yet thar's something in yore view," Jim Hardin drawled. "'Tis nine years since Dave wedded her, an' I reckon she's meek enough by now."

Ben Allen looked down at him. "I don't guess I get yore meanin'," he said warningly.

"No?" Jim Hardin mocked him. "It's never crossed yore mind that Jo Anne she's right smart younger than Dave, an' in nature she'll be rich widow woman some day?" He watched the blood darkening in the other's cheeks and drawled, "Mighty luscious female she used to be. If ary accident was to happen Dave, I reckon she won't lay long in a lonely bed. It never come into yore mind that yo're the man could—"

"Hush yore mouth!" Ben Allen said dangerously. "You keep yore dirty prison tongue off—"

"Oh, shorely, shorely!" Jim Hardin slid from the counter and walked with a ghost of jauntiness to the doorway.

The level meadows spreading down Possum Creek were green in the February thaw. The highway climbed upward and gashed the ridge. Sunset was red behind pines in the west.

Cowbells jangled on the hill by the big unpainted Hardin house.

Jim Hardin dropped from the store's porch and walked up the path to the barn. The cows were crowding into the barnyard and passing one by one through the barn's open door.

The haunches of the last cow went into the dusk. In the barn wooden bars clanked. A man came out of the barn, stopped abruptly, and stared. After a long moment he said, "So yo're back."

Jim Hardin smiled. "Shore am, Dave."

Dave Hardin's boots made sucking sounds in the mire. He was a big man with powerful muscles.

"Then git," he said. "Git, if you know what's good for you."

Jim Hardin drawled, "Dave, if I knowed what's good for me, you reckon I'd gone to the pen—by my lone self?"

"You got no evidence whatsoever," Dave replied quickly. "Naught but yore bare word, an' you a jailbird, an' it ten years past. I got no fear of aught you can do."

"No fear of—aught I can do?" the other repeated softly. "'Pears like you been a-studyin' over it, Dave. I been a-studyin' over it also. These ten years past."

His hand slid into his pocket and clenched on the spool of thread. The big man, gone gray under the sun's brown, waited till he could wait no longer.

"Shoot, then, damn you!" he said.

From the pocket Jim Hardin took the sack of tobacco and cigarette papers. He rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and deeply inhaled the smoke. Sardonic enjoyment was on his pale triangular face.

"What do you want?" Dave Hardin asked harshly.

THE other did not answer. His eyes turned to the woman who came trudging down the short path from the house, milk pails clanking on her arm. She wore a man's coat, patched and faded, and her head was wrapped in a pink wool scarf. Her face was calm, her curved mouth held firm by a habitual composure.

"Hello, Jo Anne," Jim Hardin said.

She stood still, her eyes widening until they appeared enormous. "Evenin', Jim," she said quietly.

Her husband commanded, "Get on to yore milkin'."

Jim Hardin watched her pass him and cross the seeping mire of the barnyard. His nostrils whitened.

"Yo're cute, Dave," Jim Hardin said. "You an' Jo Anne, the both of you, yo're shorely cute."

At the sound of her name the woman stopped and stood looking at him.

"Ten years I been down yonder in the pen, locked an' barred an' bolted in, a-studyin' over it, an' yo're powerful cute. 'Twas you schemed that thar robbery, Dave. 'Twas you held them tourists yere whilst I run 'cross lots to lay in wait for 'em. 'Twas you an' yore lawyer convinced me I best keep my mouth shut an' rely on you-all to free me. An' oncet I'm in the pen, you taken the whole of paw's big property an' you taken my girl—"

"No!" the woman cried. "I never passed my word! I never give you ary promise—"

"An' you've had enjoyment of 'em, Dave, all these long years I been a-wearyin' away in the pen."

The glow abruptly faded from the air; the pines stood dark against a smear of dull red. A cow lowed in the barn.

"Shorely yo're powerful cute, Dave," Jim Hardin sneered. "Yet Jo Anne she's cuter."

"What do you mean?" the woman demanded, angry

"Oh, I'm nary pore befooled husband, Jo Anne!" he mocked her. "I know who'll git you an' the property if by ary chanct Dave, yere, was to—die."

"Yo're not a-comin' yere threatenin' me!" Dave Hardin shouted. Yet he did not move.

Jim Hardin's air of hurt surprise was jeering. "Me? A-threatenin' you? Why, Dave, big as you are, an' me with nary weapon—" His hands flattened the emptiness of his pockets. The spool of thread was only a small lump.

"Why, Dave," he whined, jeering, "you wouldn't turn yore own half brother from yore door, would you? An' night a-comin' on."

The big man stepped forward dangerously. "You git," he said.

Jim Hardin said slyly, "Why, Dave, if'n you can't keep yore woman in yore own bed whilst I'm in the pen, you reckon to keep her thar a-chasin' me from yore door?"

A CHOKED cry came from the woman. In the deepening gloom her face glimmered white.

Dave Hardin shouted, "What-all's this? What's a-goin' on? Speak out, damn yore orn'ry hide!"

A murmur of voices at the store was silenced. On the store's porch men held gestures arrested and stared toward that shout.

"You got nary suspicion, Dave? Yo're never a-sayin' it's taken me to tell you!" Jim Hardin laughed soundlessly, slapping his thigh.

Dave Hardin cursed him. "Answer me, or I'll break yore bones!"

"Why, Dave, you never allowed it's for six dollars a week he's a-stayin' yere! Pore fool! A blind man'd seen it. How many blind men you reckon thar is, Dave, in Hardin's Valley?"

Dave Hardin muttered, "Ben Allen." He seemed stupefied.

"Now, Dave, 'tain't me that's sayin' it," Jim Hardin said. "I been only two hours yere in the valley. It may be what I've heared in that time; 'tis naught but common rumor."

Hunched in the dusk, the big man seemed bewildered, uncertain as a goaded bull. The woman was still, a hand clutched in the scarf at her throat. Suddenly he roared at her, "Speak up, you! What's betwixt you an' Ben Allen?"

She choked. "Thar's naught you got ary right to—Thar's naught you got mind to understand—"

"You low-down sneakin' slut! You—" Dave Hardin's shout echoed back from buildings and hills. "By God, I'll kill the both of you!"

"Don't you miscall me!" the woman cried. "Sneakin', crawlin' pizen snake, a-fattenin' on yore own kin's damnation! These many years I've knowed you—mean, low-down—but never till now did I suspicion— Don't you miscall me, you despisable—"

Dave Hardin roared, "I'll hush yore mouth, you dirty slut! You an' yore prayin'! You two an' yore camp meetin's! Layin' out in the breshwood with him, was you? Was you?"

She panted, retreating, "Don't you tech me! Tech me, an' you'll rue it!"

Ben Allen said, "Turn around yere, Dave Hardin, an' say that to a man." Several other men were hastening

behind him up the slope from the store.

"What right you got betwixt me an' my woman?" Dave Hardin shouted.

"Yo're miscallin' her an' me in the hearin' of all Hardin's Valley," Ben Allen told him. "You'll chaw them words afore I'm done with you."

Jim Hardin had quietly retreated. In the deepening gloom the two big men faced each other, and suddenly Dave Hardin shouted, "Git! You hear me? All of you, git! Git to hell off'n my property!"

"No!" Jo Anne said strongly. She came between the two men, looking at neither of them, facing the listeners scattered on the slope. "You heared what he called me, an' you'll hear my answer to it."

She raised her right hand. "As God is a-hearin' me, I been faithful wife to Dave Hardin since the hour I wedded him, an' I a maid. Thar's been no least slightest act of mine nor Ben Allen's would shame us did the whole world behold it. If I lie, may God strike me dead yere whar I stand!"

Jo Anne's waiting hand fell slowly. Men shifted their feet, and Ben Allen said, "Now take back that word you spoke, Dave Hardin, or I'll deal with you."

"No, Ben," Jo Anne said firmly yet with gentleness.

"Come along, Ben," said the man who held his arm. "Jo Anne she don't want no worse trouble. You come along, now."

Dave Hardin spoke roughly: "Get along with yore milkin', woman. You hear them cows a-bawlin'? Good animals a-bein' ruined!" He strode behind her toward the barn.

The men plodded down the hill toward the store's yellow light. They did not speak.

THERE was a flicker in the barn. Crouched in the alley between the stalls, Jo Anne was lighting a lantern. The flame shone rosily through her fingers and her face hovered pale above it. Then the lantern's chimney clicked, the light steadied, and the barn became homely and commonplace.

Jim Hardin stood in the dark, his chin thrust forward and his gaze intent on the woman. Only his eyes moved, following her movements with passionate attention. Her forehead was stormy, her mouth compressed. Automatically she hung the lantern on its nail, put on a coarse apron. All her gestures were unconscious, worn smooth by habit. She picked up a milk pail and reached upward to lift the milking stool from its peg.

Jim Hardin let the pent breath from his lungs. Exultantly he tossed the spool of thread into the air, caught it. Then he wheeled quickly, peering into the darkness about him.

Two small green lights shone in the dark—the eyes of some little woods animal. Jim Hardin laughed without a sound. Jauntily he leaned on the fence, listening to the sounds in the barn.

● *"Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"*

● *"Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids—but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder—Johnson's!"*

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The pitchfork's handle rang against the partition as Dave went down, and slowly it toppled, pulling the steel from his heart.

The lid of a feed box thumped shut. A hand slapped a flank. Hay rustled. Twin streams of milk foamed rhythmically into a pail, and there were the small noises of horses and cows eating. Not a word was spoken. At last Jo Anne appeared. Jim Hardin did not move, and she passed without seeing him, head bent and arms straight to the heavy pails. Jim Hardin went stealthily down the hill.

The store was crowded that night. Cars came and went, and on the wall the telephone rang incessantly, short rings and long, as gossip spread the news of the quarrel. No one spoke of it to Ben Allen. All the easy talk was outside the store, around the parked cars.

Jim Hardin drank but little from the shared flask of corn liquor, and repeated often:

"I'm quittin' yere tomorrow mornin', an' forever. I'm gittin' out afore thar's bad trouble. I've had trouble to last me my lifetime, an' all I ask is to live peaceable."

Some one said dryly, "I don't guess we're a-seein' the last of you, Jim. You'll heir the property if Dave don't have no young ones, an' I wager he won't."

Jim Hardin laughed. "Jo Anne she'll heir it afore me, an' how long you reckon she'll be widow woman? Her second man an' their young ones they'll have Hardin's Valley. Well, leave 'em have it. I'll be roamin' the broad world."

When at nine o'clock the last car left, he stood beside Ben Allen on the porch, watching the tail-light recede on the crossroad. Their silence was constrained. At last Ben Allen said reluctantly, "I sleep in back of the store. Reckon I can make shift for you thar."

"I sooner sleep up in the barn in the hay," Jim Hardin answered.

ON the rim of the hill he paused, peering and listening, fingering the spool of thread in his pocket. Then he slipped through the barn door and let its wooden latch fall without a sound.

The barn was dark with a close warm darkness, smelling of cows and hay and dung. Jim Hardin groped for the lantern, lighted it, and climbed the ladder to the haymow.

Hay was piled to the eaves and sloped high against the end partition of rough planks. Carrying the lantern on his arm and finding toe hold in the cracks of this partition, the man climbed till he could sit astride the topmost board.

He glanced into the alleyway below and edged along until he perched directly above the milking stool on its peg. He looked upward at the rail and rope of the hay fork against the ridgepole overhead. Then with his handkerchief he tied the lantern to a rafter. All his movements were those of a man who has long considered every detail of an action.

He descended to the ground, went out of the barn through its rear door, and warily circled the building.

Only one gleam of light was visible. It shone through the slit of the door's wooden latch. Jim Hardin looked anxiously at the house. It was dark and still. The store was dark. There was no light in the sky nor anywhere on the land. The solitary gleam from the barn door appeared enormous in the blackness of the night.

Jim Hardin returned to the barn through its rear door and hung his coat over the latch. Then he sat down to wait doggedly.

Twice he left the barn and stood looking, listening. There was no movement, no sound anywhere.

At length he climbed to the haymow and took the

pitchfork from the hay. With it he climbed the partition, lifting it from point to point, thrusting the tines through a crack and leaving it thus while he climbed.

Astride the topmost plank, he took the spool from his pocket and looped the end of thread around the pitchfork's handle. Carefully he weakened the loop by biting one strand of the thread. Then, precariously balanced and stretching upward, he succeeded at last in passing the spool over the rail of the hay fork. He broke the thread and tied the free end to a rafter.

For a while he crouched, resting, before with infinite care he eased the pitchfork's weight on to the thread. It held. The pitchfork slowly descended, turning a little, its steel tines glittering. The thread held it suspended in the alley.

Jim Hardin took the spool from his pocket, tied the thread to a studding, and dropped the spool into the alley. Then he descended to inspect his work. The steel tines hung directly above Jo Anne's tracks by the milking stool.

He found the spool, broke the thread, and made a long loop in its end. He took down the milking stool, slipped the loop over one of its legs, and with care adjusted the stool again on its peg.

When he had climbed once more to the peak of the roof he was trembling, from weariness or from some other cause. He waited till his hands were steady. Then with infinite care he pulled the thread downward across the rail of the hay fork. The pitchfork slowly ascended to the peak of the roof.

Delicately, carefully, the man knotted the thread from the milking stool to the V of the thread that held the pitchfork. His lip was bitten to bleeding when at last, after long moments of decreasing pressure, he took his hand from the knot.

NOTHING happened. The stool remained on its peg; the tines glittered overhead.

Taking the lantern, he descended again to the alley. The black thread was almost invisible against the dark boards; looking upward, he could not see it at all. Only by tilting his head far back could he see the steel tines trembling high above. He did not pass beneath them.

Warily, with a long stick, he lifted the milking stool. A glitter flashed down. The pitchfork stood quivering, tines driven into Jo Anne's tracks on the earthen floor.

Craned forward, motionless, the man stared. His body shuddered, and the lungs expelled held breath.

The design fashioned in his thought was now a created thing, separate and uncontrollable. The trap operated by its own laws. Its deadly swift action seemed to appall the man. He stared at the quivering pitchfork with awe, almost with terror.

He shook his head and rubbed one hand across his eyes. Then grimly he examined his work. There was no thread on the pitchfork's handle; the bitten loop had broken. There was none on the milking stool; the long loop, snatched upward, was gone. In the peak of the roof, amid cobwebs, a few invisible bits of thread were dangling; no one would see them. A man who inherited the place, might easily remove them unobserved.

Thereafter he worked steadily, doing all he had done before. It was exhausting delicate work. Often he stopped to quiet his trembling hands. Twice the thread broke and all must be done again.

BUT at length the trap waited for its victims. For there would be two victims when Jo Anne, alone in the barn with a husband who had threatened to kill her, was killed by a blow that only a strong man could strike.

Jim Hardin blew out the lantern and hung it on its nail. He put on his coat and opened the back door. Down at the store a car stopped with a squeak of wet brakes and Ben Allen hailed the driver. The lights of other cars were coming down the hill.

At six o'clock the creamery truck passes Hardin's. At half past six the Woodsridge bus goes by, or stops on signal. It was not too early for Jim Hardin to appear at the store. He thrust his hands into his pockets and stepped forward, then halted.

The pockets were empty. The spool of thread was not in either of them. An instant he stood, mouth open and eyes staring. Then he turned and plunged into the barn.

On his knees, peering, he swept his hands over the alley floor. He crawled the length of it, frantically searching. He stood up, glanced at the darkness overhead, and clambered up the ladder.

Three matches were in his pocket. His hands were shaking so that two broke when he tried to light them. The light of the third flickered over the hay till the flame died on burned flesh. He groped desperately in coat pockets, vest pockets, trousers pocket— His hand closed on the spool.

He was on the ladder when the barn door opened wide. Dave Hardin came in.

Both men were motionless for a long instant. Then Jim Hardin squeaked, "I—I only been sleepin' in the haym—"

Dave Hardin roared, "Meetin' her yere, was you? You yaller rat! I'll—" He snatched the heavy milking stool.

"God!" Jim Hardin cried. He jumped. But the pitchfork was quicker.

Jo Anne stood in the doorway, milk pails on her arm. The pitchfork's handle rang against the partition as Dave Hardin went down, and slowly it toppled, pulling the steel from his heart.

"You—" Jo Anne breathed. "I seen you—"

She fled, wildly screaming, "Ben! Ben! Ben!"

THE END

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"MARVELOUSLY STREAM

says aerodynamic expe

Col. E. J. W. Ragsdale, de the new Budd aerodyna way coaches, says, "In s ing an automobile the effect is a large factor. It in aircraft. Studebaker e have shown a real appre this condition and in re wind tunnel results with ac performance, they have co greatly to speed, safety comfort and low operati

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High-speed transport planes have much the same skyway style as the new Studebakers. Both overcome air resistance with body lines that literally pierce cross currents, gusts and head-winds. One of the latest model 'cross-continent passenger planes is pictured.

Startling NE

what it takes" to captivate 1934 America!

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Priced hundreds of dollars less than their brilliant predecessors, these 1934 Studebakers are direct descendants of those marvelous Studebaker-built creations whose speed and stand-up durability were the sensation of the last two 500-mile races on the Indianapolis Speedway.

Upholstery and fittings are ultra-luxurious—the quality you expect in very costly cars. And a further marvel of these new 1934 skyway-style Studebakers is their sensational operating economy—averages from 18 to 21 miles per gallon are daily reported by thrilled owners.

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Studebaker has invested over a million dollars in developing quadripoise suspension which keeps all four extremities of the chassis in scientific balance regardless of roads. Pitch and sway are effectively overcome—rear seats ride like front seats. The New Studebakers are wider (74 inches) than high (69 inches)—Center of gravity is 27 inches from ground—they can safely tilt to a 58 degree angle.

FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA
FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

STUDEBAKERS OF 1934

HELL on

A Look at Hockey, That Mad, Glad, Man-Smashing Epidemic from Canada—Is It a Game or an Affliction?

Photo by Bobbitt

Lester Patrick, "the Silver Fox," comes off the bench to save a world championship as goalie.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS game of hockey hit the United States in a big way at about the same moment as the platinum blonde. It has been a question ever since which has caused the more hospital bills and bred the more cardiac trouble among noncombatants.

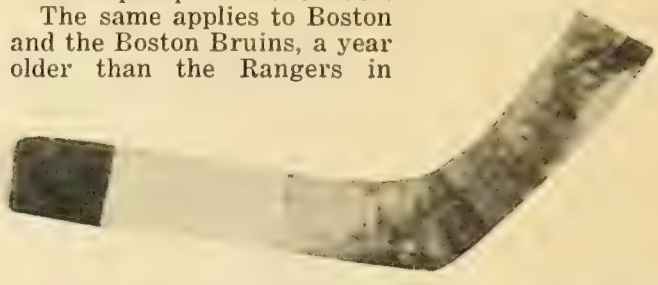
Certainly there are few known cures for hockey addiction in a nonparticipant. Ever since a tall white-haired Canadian Adonis named Lester Patrick breathed life into a vague dream eight years ago, there has been recorded no case of complete recovery on the part of the stricken.

The principal virus of the game is that it oozes color. The Canadians weren't content with the color of the game itself, so they dressed their players in the most bizarre raiment ever introduced to the sports world.

Lester Patrick brought these gayly caparisoned warriors into the United States—and people fell over old ladies in wheel chairs and the palms of policemen's hands trying to get into Madison Square Garden to look at them. People fell, and have been falling ever since.

When Lester Patrick first appeared in New York with his Rangers eight years ago, he began to break records. He probably hasn't seen a season pass since that his Rangers haven't contributed a quarter of a million dollars to the upkeep of the Garden.

The same applies to Boston and the Boston Bruins, a year older than the Rangers in



American hockey. The game has paid and paid and paid, earning the money while the supposedly more elegant sports spent it on a swell front.

What is there about this game that works these economic wonders? The answer is simple. It's élan, verve, recklessness of human frailty, abandon of all urges to self-preservation.

No other game in the world, not even polo or jai alai, places the vicious premium on speed that hockey does. So fast is the action that spectators, in many instances, can merely guess the progress of the puck, the flat rubber five-and-a-half-inch disk that takes the place of a ball. Nine times out of ten they can only wait, with heart action suspended, until a red light flashes behind one or the other netted goal, to know whether or not a point has been scored.

They call American football rough. It's patty-cake beside a match in the National Hockey League. Human bodies, moving at a speed twice as great as the fastest running halfback achieves, crash together head on,

Lionel Hitchman, star defense man of the Boston Bruins and a scarred hero of the World War.

SKATES!

By DICK WILLIAMS

minus helmets of any kind. If they miss one another, they have a chance of fetching up against four-foot-high sideboards. And some, like the Brobdingnagian Ching Johnson, haven't even much hair to break the shock.

Injuries? This man Johnson has contributed two broken jaws, two broken arms, a broken foot, a broken leg, and various minor mishaps, such as a total of sixty-two inches of fancy hemstitching in his rugged features, to the joy of hockey devotees. Lionel Hitchman, called the ablest defense man of present-day hockey, pushes into the midst of all available trouble a face that looks as if it must have got that way from occupying a bridal suite with a saber-toothed tiger. Shortly after he returned from the war, Joe Simpson, another defense man, used to squirt bullets and bits of shrapnel into the laps of customers every time he was body-checked; but his war wounds were mere scratches to what he has collected since.

The rules of hockey request, in the polite French-Canadian manner, that the arena be at least one hundred and eighty feet long and eighty-five feet wide. That is the area between the two goals. Behind each goal is a ten-foot strip of end zone. These dimensions are not obligatory; either may be less. The goal stands directly in the center of the ten-foot line. It is six feet wide and four feet high, is made up of a steel frame with heavy netting over it, and, for some reason, has two graceful bulges at the back, in the May Westian manner.

Sixty feet in front of the front line of the goal is a blue stripe. The area inclosed by this stripe and the sideboards and the imaginary line across the goal's mouth is known as the offensive or attacking zone, or as the defending zone, depending upon which team has the puck.

Montreal Maroons all ready for action in a "face-off" in front of the net.

That leaves, in the normal two-hundred-foot arena, sixty feet between the two blue lines. This section is known as the neutral zone, and in it assassination is permitted from either front or rear, whereas in the other sections it is permitted only from the rear.

The blue lines are the keys to the game. They were devised by Lester Patrick. An attacking player, with the puck, may not be preceded across this line by a fellow player. Once across, it's every man for himself and doctor fetch the arnica!

The object of this rule is simple. A goal tender's lot is, at best, an unhappy one. It's either feast or famine with him. When he isn't busy stopping flying pucks, skates, and seasoned hickory with his face, he's merely standing about, looking. To have three or four orang-utans in gaudy attire descend upon him at once, with a puck somewhere among them to be fired at him, and to have him all alone during the time, is too great a shock to his nervous system. So the blue line was devised to give his colleagues a chance to gather round him, and ultimately to sit upon him also, when the time arrives for a dash at the net.

Each hockey team has six players. Five are rangers: three forwards, known as center and right and left wings, and two backs or defense men. The defense men usually supply a majority of the hospital cases. They operate as guards do in basketball.

The sixth player is the goalie, or goal tender. He is

Photo by Bobbitt

Ching Johnson, a defense man with the New York Rangers. Ching hasn't much hair to do duty as a helmet.

Left: Bullet Joe Simpson, the well nicknamed manager of the New York Americans, on the arena's ice.

the forgotten man of hockey, largely because he is practically invisible behind a collection of old boiler plates, out-size catcher's shin guards, the final edition of the New York Sunday Times stuffed beneath his tunic, and a pair of gloves from the winter wardrobe of King Kong.

It is obvious, with all this, that he cannot cover much territory unless by sitting down. Thus he remains in front of the goal mouth when all others have departed, skating restively up and down and peering apprehensively out over the ice for signs of danger. He uses a club not so long as his colleagues' but thick in the middle.

Eventually the action comes toward him. As he espies an enemy heading in his direction, his Adam's apple begins slowly to shuttle. The shuttling increases in violence as the puck draws nearer, until finally, when last he is seen disappearing beneath one or two tons of enemy and friend and miscellaneous hockey paraphernalia, it is bobbing up and down like a motorcycle piston. This is a habit of all goalies. It is as much a part of hockey as the puck is.

Because bumps and injuries are so frequent, each team is permitted to carry up to fifteen substitutes, or spares. There is, alas, but one goalie on each team, and not so many years ago Lester Patrick himself had to step from the bench and go into the nets to save his Ranger team a world championship.

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One forward line seldom plays more than six or seven consecutive minutes. Substitutes, or spares, go on the ice in job lots. The action never halts.

There are penalties in hockey. It has one all its own. A man who commits a minor nuisance is sent into the penalty box. He remains there for two minutes if his offense has been anything less than decapitation of an opponent or official. If it has been particularly heinous, he gets five minutes. In extreme cases he gets ten; and when he goes the limit he may be banished for an entire game.

Now, this may not sound like much of a penalty. But while the offender is in the penalty box for any stretch up to ten minutes, none can replace him on the ice. His team must proceed one man short, and if another of its members be banished at the same time, still there can be no replacement. Thus the opponents are given an opportunity to score.

PERHAPS this is a halting exposition of the charm of hockey, but the game baffles description. Some managers have systems. But no system is visible to the naked eye. It is doubtful if a hockey player himself could distinguish the Lester Patrick system, which has been the most amazingly successful, from the Connie Smythe system or the Art Ross or the Dick Irvin system. The puck flashes up and down the ice too fast.

What, now, has this game accomplished since it crossed the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes? There was hockey in the United States prior to that, and plenty of it. But it was collegiate and amateur hockey. The game became big business when Tex Rickard was persuaded to get into it in 1925. Since then it has become the fastest spreading of winter sports.

Consider that there wasn't a professional league in this country eight years ago, and that now there are four, and they reach as far south as St. Louis and as Tulsa, Oklahoma. From this you get an idea of what strides the game has made.

Thirty-three years ago Lester Patrick began playing professional hockey. After twenty-three years as a player he quit the ice and took with him a vision.

In 1925 Colonel John S. Hammond, having met Lester Patrick and learned of his dream, went to Tex Rickard and began to sell him hockey. Began is used advisedly. Rickard only looked a little startled and horrified, and said, "You ain't right in the head, John—you must want to put us broke here."

The Colonel persisted. Finally, at a suggestion from Montreal, he bundled together a posse of newspapermen and Rickard and went, on Garden money, to Montreal to see a major-league game. The newspapermen went in rather arid humor, but returned full of enthusiasm and other stimuli. What they wrote in the papers was gay and intriguing and the public began faintly to call for hockey.

It was then that Rickard gave in. The New York Americans came into being, and joined the National Hockey League of Canada, along with the Boston Bruins. So far Patrick hadn't really entered the picture. He had sent the entire Boston team to Art Ross and Charles F. Adams, but few among the sporting public knew of it.

Perhaps, had the New York Americans been a bit more convincing, a bit less fascinated by the night clubs and speaks, he might have waited longer years in Vancouver for his dream to materialize. As it was, Colonel Hammond became disgusted. He was for throwing out the whole kit and kaboodle of Americans and starting over. But there had to be a buyer for the Americans. He appeared in the person of William V. (Big Bill) Dwyer.

Some time later the Colonel sent for Lester Patrick, who arrived with high hopes.

"You're bringing your hockey team to New York—congratulations," said the Colonel delightedly.

"Congratulations your Aunt Tillie—I sold my last hockey team to Boston," said Mr. Patrick.

"But—but—well, we're going to have a new league," Colonel Hammond insisted, "and you're going to get it together. We're going to have teams in Detroit, Chicago, and Pittsburgh, and we're going to make a new league to form half of the National Hockey League."

Mr. Patrick said, "Oh, yeah?"

"Yes indeed," said Colonel Hammond. "There will be an international group consisting of Montreal's Les Canadiens, Montreal Maroons, Ottawa, Toronto, and the New York Americans. Then there'll be an American group—here in New York this new team of yours, the Rangers, and Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. The first three teams in each league will play off every year for the Stanley Cup and world championship."

NOW, Lester Patrick had originated the Stanley Cup play-off system. So he perked up. "All I've got to do," he said, "is get Chicago and Detroit into the league—and possibly Pittsburgh?"

"Well, there's the matter of a team here," the Colonel cooed cajolingly. "You'll have to get a team."

A man with less iron in his nerve might have quit then, but not Lester Patrick. He got a team—got it in Saskatoon, brought it to New York in toto, and called it the Rangers. To his genius may be attributed the fact, astonishing in hockey, that the entire first line of that original team remains, and that one defense man and one spare do. Add to this the facts that the team has never yet finished out of the Stanley Cup play-offs, and that it has won two league and two world championships, and you see what Patrick did in those brief weeks of 1926.

Because he believes hockey is the greatest of all sports, Patrick sincerely and earnestly defends his play-off system, or Stanley Cup series. Let him! The system or scheme is as follows: One of the two groups comprising the National Hockey League now has but four teams—Pittsburgh having died a slow death, via Philadelphia, two years ago. Of these teams, three go into the Stanley Cup play-offs. In other words, sixty league games eliminate only one team of an organized league.

The remaining three stay around to fight it out in a quick series for the championship.

Out of the other league, now five clubs, come three more teams. The winners of the league titles meet in a five-game series. They have to play off every game. No ties go. The winners of second and third place meet in a two-game series. The total scores registered in those two games determine the winners.

Thus a team scoring five points in one game and none in the second, while the opposing team scores one in the first and three in the second, wins that play-off.

AFTER that, the winners of these two series play a two-out-of-three-games semifinal. Then they move on to meet the winners of the top bracket. In other words, one league champion already has been eliminated and a second- or even a third-place team is playing for the ultimate championship.

Because of the severity of the five-man series between the league winners, this second- or third-place team usually enters the final series in much the better condition, less worn out mentally and battered physically, and with an all-to-win-and-nothing to lose fixation. The real champion is the under dog.

"But it provides something to fight for right down to the last minute of play of the league season," says Mr. Lester Patrick. "Why, even a last-place team has a chance to win the championship until virtually the end."

Mr. Patrick is right. Last year his Rangers led the league for the first half of the season. Then they began to coast. They finished in third place and barely kept from sliding into the cellar.

Then they won the championship by defeating a great Toronto team that had been worn out in an overtime fight with Boston!

You can't argue with Mr. Patrick. He has the figures to back you down, not to mention six feet three inches of height and somewhere around two hundred and twenty pounds of solidity.

And if you continue to try to argue after seeing these things he's likely to take you to a hockey game—and then you'd be lost forever. They haven't found a serum for hockeyitis yet. Why, they haven't even segregated the germ!

THE END

DICK BREAKS THE TAPE!

1 "G'wan Dick. You don't have the old steam any more." With the big track meet just two months away, Dick is disqualified!

2 Then Dad Turner, the kindly coach, lent a helping hand. Advised Dick there's nothing builds you up as fast as a good hot Quaker Oats breakfast.

3 And Dad Turner's advice wasn't hard to take either . . . a creamy, steamy bowl of Quaker Oats, all smothered in cream and sugar. Oh boy!

4 Dick's speed and endurance in the 100 yard dash wins the meet! And Dad Turner presents the silver cup to Dick.

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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

A Perfumed Girl, a Handkerchief, a Woman in Jail, and a Gun . . . Is Perry Mason Closing In at Last?

The Case of the Howling Dog

ILLUSTRATED by FRANK GODWIN

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

(Reading time: 37 minutes 14 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, well known criminal lawyer, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will, and to compel his next-door neighbor, Clinton Foley, to stop his dog's howling. Cartright seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Mason has a warning sent to Foley to stop the dog's howling.

The next morning Mason receives an envelope containing a will written by Cartright, leaving nine tenths of his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley and one tenth to Mason on condition that he protect the interests of Mrs. Foley.

In answer to the warning about the dog, Foley claims that Cartright is crazy. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go to the house to investigate. They find that Mrs. Foley has gone away with Arthur Cartright, leaving a note of explanation behind.

Perry Mason employs Paul Drake, head of a detective agency, to try and find Cartright and Mrs. Foley. Drake cannot find the pair, but discovers that Foley's real name is Forbes and that "Mrs. Foley" is Mrs. Paula Cartright. Armed with this information, Mason goes to Foley's house, and discovers the man dead on the library floor, shot at close range. A police dog has also been shot and killed in the same room. Mason calls in the police.

Paul Drake locates the real Mrs. Clinton Forbes, registered at a local hotel under an assumed name. Mason goes there with Drake, and tells Bessie Forbes he is her lawyer and that she must not talk to any one without his permission. He sends her to register under her true name at another hotel, then tells Paul Drake to find an actress who resembles her.

Part Six—"Find Out About That Dog!"

"I WANT you to get this actress in ten minutes," said Perry Mason—"if you can do it in that time. I know you can't, but you've got to do it just as fast as you can. You've got a list of people that you can call on to do various jobs, and what you've got to do is to check over it, get the right person, and get in touch with her."

"I've got a girl," said Paul Drake slowly, "who might answer the description. She worked as a lure on the Vice Squad for a while, and knows her way around."

"Is she light or dark?" Perry Mason asked him.

"THE DOOR WAS LOCKED, BUT I HAD A PASS KEY. I WALKED IN AND FOUND HIM DEAD."

"She," Drake said, "is just about the same build and complexion as Mrs. Bessie Forbes. That's the reason I thought of her," with a quizzical smile at Mason.

"All right," Mason said. "Don't get too damn' smart or it might not be so good."

"I'm commencing to suspect a lot," Paul Drake said.

"Suspect all you want to, but don't tell me anything about it, and keep your thoughts to yourself, because you're going to want to forget them later on."

"O. K.," said Drake. "You go on up to your office and I'll get this girl to show up. Her name's Mae Sibley."

"O. K.," said Mason. "Get started. And thanks, Paul."

Mae Sibley was well built and attractive. Perry Mason stood close to her, looked her over with approval.

"Give me that bottle of perfume, Della," he said.

He took the bottle of perfume.

"Any objection to using this?" he asked.

"I'll say not! I could use all of that you wanted to give me."

"All right; put on lots of it."

"I hate to waste that good perfume."

"That's all right; go ahead and put it on."

Della Street smiled at the young woman and said, "Perhaps I can help."

She applied perfume liberally to the girl's clothes.

"Now," said Perry Mason, "you're going to go to a certain taxicab and tell the driver that you left a handkerchief in the taxicab when you had him take you out to 4889 Milpas Drive. Do you suppose you can remember that?"

"Sure. What else do I do—anything?"

"That's all. Just take the handkerchief and give the cab driver a sweet smile."

"Then what?"

"He'll give you the handkerchief and ask you for your address. Because, he'll tell you, you've got to let him know where you live, so he can report to the Lost and Found Department."

"All right. Then what do I do?"

"Then you give him a phony name and address and fade from the picture."

"That's all there is to it?"

"That's all there is to it."

"What name and address do I give him?"

"Give him the name of Agnes Brownlie and tell him that you live at the Breedmont Hotel on Ninth and Masonic Streets."

"What do I do with the handkerchief?"

"After you've got the handkerchief you bring it to me."

"This is on the up and up?" she asked.

"It's within the law," he told her.

"And I get three hundred dollars for doing it?"

"Three hundred dollars when the job is finished."

"When's the job going to be finished?"

"THERE may not be anything more to it," he told her. "But you've got to keep in touch with me so that I can reach you at any time. Give me your telephone number."

"And how do I find the taxicab driver?"

"In exactly fifteen minutes," Perry Mason told her, "the taxicab driver will come up to the corner of Ninth and Masonic Streets and telephone in to his office to find out if there are any calls for him. The particular taxi that you want is a Checker cab, number 86-C. You telephone in to the head office of the taxicab company, tell them that you left an article in the cab, and ask them to let you know where the cabby is as soon as he reports. Leave them a number so they can call you back. They'll call you back in fifteen minutes, when he reports, and tell you that he's at Ninth and Masonic. You tell them that you're right near there, so you'll go and pick him up. Pretend that you recognize him."

"O. K.," she said. "Anything else?"

"Yes," he told her; "you've got to talk in a peculiar tone of voice."

"What sort of a tone of voice?"

"High and fast."

"Like this?" she asked, raising her voice and saying rapidly, "I beg your pardon, but I think I left my handkerchief in your taxicab."

"No," he said. "That's too high and not fast enough. Try it a little lower. And you've got to drag out the ends of the words a little bit more."

Mae Sibley watched him closely, her head cocked slightly on one side in the attitude of a bird listening. She closed her eyes.

"Like this?" she asked. "I beg your pardon, but didn't I leave my handkerchief in your taxicab?"

"That's a little more like it," he said. "But you've got to do it more like this. Now listen: I beg your pardon, but didn't I leave my handkerchief in your taxicab?"

"I think I get you," she said. "It's a trick of talking rapidly until you come to the last word in each phrase."

"Maybe that's it," he said. "Go ahead and try it."

She flashed him a sudden smile. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I think I left my handkerchief in your taxicab."

"That's it," he told her. "It's not perfect, but it's good enough. Now get started. You haven't got much time. Della, you've got a black fur coat hanging in the closet. Give it to her. O. K.—go ahead. Put on that coat, sister, and then grab a taxi and drive to the Breedmont Hotel. You can call the cab office from there. You've just got about time to put through your calls and you'll have to make it snappy."

He ushered her to the door, nodded to Della Street, and said, "Get Paul Drake on the line and tell him to come up here."

DELLA nodded and her fingers worked the dial of the telephone.

Perry Mason started pacing back and forth across the office, his face immobile, his stare fixed.

"He'll be right up," she said. "What is it, chief? Can you tell me?"

Perry Mason shook his head.

"But what's happened?"

"Plenty," he told her. "And the trouble is, it doesn't fit together."

"What's bothering you?" she asked.

"I am wondering," he said, "why that dog howled, and why he quit howling. Sometimes I think I know why the dog howled, and then I can't figure why he quit howling."

"You can't expect things to dovetail together too accurately," she told him, her eyes dark with concern. "You've just come out of one big case and now you're plunging right in on another."

"I know it," he told her. "It's something of a strain. But I can stand it all right. That isn't what's bothering me. What's bothering me is why the facts don't fit together."

"What doesn't fit in this case?" she asked.

"Nothing fits," he said—then glanced up as there was a knock at the outer door.

"Paul Drake, I guess," he said.

He strode to the door, opened it, and nodded to Drake.

"Come in, Paul," he said. "I want you to get the dope on the man that Thelma Benton went out with; the man who drove the coupé 6-M-9245."

Paul Drake's smile was slow and good-natured.

"Don't think you're the only one that can put any pep into your work," he said. "I've had my men working on that and already have the answer for you. The fellow is Carl Trask. He's a young man who's drifted around and had a police record. Right at present he's engaged in doing some small-time gambling."

"Can you find out anything more than that about him?"

"In time, yes. We're getting stuff. In fact, we're getting stuff coming in from all over the country. We've got a lot more reports on the situation in Santa Barbara. I've checked down everybody who was in the household—even including the Chinese cook."

"That's right," Perry Mason said. "I'm interested in that cook. What happened to him?"

"They made some kind of a deal with him by which he agreed to be deported. I don't know just what it was. I think that Clinton Foley got in touch with the federal authorities to find out what it was all about; found there was no question but what the boy was in this country illegally. So Foley worked out a deal by which the Chink was to be deported at once, without being held for further examination or trial, and gave him enough money to set himself up in some sort of business in Canton."

"Find out anything else about him?" asked Perry Mason.

"I found out that there's something funny about the tip-off that caused the federal authorities to go out there and round him up."

"What sort of a tip-off was it?"

"I don't know exactly, but, from all I can gather, some man telephoned and said that he understood Ah Wong was in the country without a proper certificate; that he didn't want to disclose his identity or have his name used in any way."

"Chinese or white man?" asked Perry Mason.

"Apparently a white man, and apparently rather well educated. He talked like an educated man."

"Well," said Mason, "go on."

"That's all there is, definite," said the detective. "But one of the clerks in the immigration office handled that anonymous tip, and also talked with Foley over the telephone. She's got a goofy idea that it was Foley who gave the tip-off."

"Why would Foley do that?" Mason asked.

"Search me," said the detective. "Probably there's nothing to it. I'm simply telling you what the clerk told me."

Perry Mason took a package of cigarettes from his pocket, gave one to Della Street, then one to Paul Drake.

He smoked in silence for several minutes.

"Well," said Drake at length, "what are we here for?"

Perry Mason said, "I want you to get handwriting specimens from Paula Cartright; from Cartright's housekeeper; and from this woman Thelma Benton. I'm going to get a sample from Bessie Forbes."

"What's the idea?" asked the detective.

"I'm not ready to talk yet," Mason said. "I want you to wait here for a while, Paul."

The others watched him in silence, respecting the concentration of his thoughts.

The telephone rang after some ten or fifteen minutes, and Della Street answered it, then looked up at Perry Mason.

"It's Miss Sibley," she said, "and she wants me to tell you that she did exactly as you instructed and that everything is all right."

"Has she got the handkerchief?" asked Perry Mason.

Della Street nodded.

Perry Mason showed excitement.

"Tell her to get a cab and come over to the office right away," he said, "to bring that handkerchief with her, and pay the cab driver to make time. But be sure and tell her not to get that Checker cab. Get another cab."

"What's it all about?" asked Paul Drake.

Perry Mason chuckled.

"You stick around about ten minutes," he said, "and you'll find out. I'm about ready to take the lid off."

Paul Drake settled back in the big leather chair.

The knob on the outer door rattled.

"See who it is, Della," said the lawyer.

Della Street went swiftly to the door, opened it, and let Mae Sibley into the room.

"HAVE any trouble?" asked Perry Mason.

"Not a bit," she said. "I just told him what you told me to say, and he took me for granted. He looked me over rather closely and asked me a few questions. Then he took the handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to me. He was slick enough to smell the handkerchief and then smell my perfume."

"Good girl," Mason said. "And you gave him the name of Agnes Brownlie?"

"Yes. And the address Breedmont Hotel—just like you told me."

"All right," Perry Mason said. "You get one hundred and fifty dollars now, and one hundred and fifty dollars a little later. You understand that you're not to say a word about this."

"Of course."

Perry Mason counted out the money.

"You want a receipt?" she asked.

"No," he told her.

"When do I get the other hundred and fifty?"

"When the job's finished."

"What else have I got to do?"

"Perhaps nothing. Perhaps you'll have to go to court and testify."

"Go to court and testify?" she said. "Over what?"

"Over exactly what happened."

"Not tell any lies?"

"Certainly not."

"How soon will you know?" she asked.

"Probably in a couple of weeks. You've got to keep in touch with me. That's all. You'd better get out of here now, because I don't want you to be seen around the office."

IT was evident that there was a vast change in the lawyer's manner—a relief that was disclosed in his bearing. He turned to Della Street as the door of the outer office closed.

"Get Police Headquarters," he said, "and get Detective Sergeant Holcomb on the line."

"It's pretty late," she reminded him.

"That's all right. He works nights."

Della Street got the connection through, then looked up at her employer.

"Here's Detective Sergeant Holcomb on the line," she said.

Perry Mason strode to the telephone.

"Listen, sergeant," he said. "I've got some information for you. I can't give it all to you, but I can give you some of it. . . . Yes, some of it is professional confidence and I can't give you that. I think I understand the duties of an attorney, and the rights and liabilities of an attorney. An attorney is supposed to guard the confidences of his client, but he's not supposed to compound a crime. He's not supposed to suppress any evidence."

Mason ceased talking for a minute, and frowned while the receiver made squawking noises. Then he said in a conciliatory tone: "That's all right, sergeant. Keep your shirt on. I'm not making a dissertation on the law; I'm simply telling you so that you'll understand that which I'm going to tell you now. It happens that I've just found

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out that a Checker cab, number 86-C, took a woman to Clinton Foley's house at about twenty-five minutes past seven. The woman was there for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The woman left a handkerchief in the taxicab. Now, that handkerchief undoubtedly is evidence. That handkerchief is now in my possession. I'm not at liberty to explain to you how it came in my possession, but it's here, and I'm going to send it over to Police Headquarters. . . . All right; you can send over for it if you want. I won't be here, but my secretary, Della Street, will be here, and she'll give it to you. . . . Yes, the taxicab driver can undoubtedly identify it. . . . I can tell you this much: the woman who rode in the taxicab dropped a handkerchief or left it in the cab. The driver found it. Later on the handkerchief came into my possession. I can't tell you how I got it. . . . No, I tell you; I can't tell you that. . . . No, I won't tell you that. . . . I don't give a damn what you think. I know my rights. That handkerchief is evidence and you're entitled to it, but any of the knowledge that I have received from a client is a sacred communication, and you can't drag it out of me with all the subpœnas on earth."

HE slammed the receiver back on the hook, tossed the handkerchief over to Della Street.

"When the officers come," he said, "give them this, and don't give them anything else except a sweet smile."

"What happened?" she asked.

Perry Mason stared at her steadily.

"If you insist on knowing," he said, "Clinton Foley was murdered between seven thirty and eight o'clock tonight."

"Murdered?" exclaimed Paul Drake. "That's what I was afraid of!"

"Murdered?" Della Street said.

"Murdered," said Mason.

"Then you know who did it!" she said. "You remember that statement that the man made about wanting to know if a person died on the electric chair or the gallows, if—"

"That will do, Della," he interrupted. "Remember that that too was a confidential communication."

"It may have been a confidential communication," she said, "but it's something you can't ignore."

"It's something I *won't* repeat," he said.

Paul Drake looked at his wrist watch.

"I don't want to bother you, Perry," he said, "but if you're going to be out of here before the officers come, you've got to make it snappy."

Perry Mason nodded, reached for his hat and coat.

"Where you going now?" asked Paul Drake.

"That's another thing it might be better for you not to know."

Perry Mason caught a cruising cab in front of the office.

"Get me to the Broadway Hotel on Forty-second Street," he said, "and make it snappy."

When the cab pulled up in front of the Broadway Hotel, Perry Mason tossed the driver a bill and strode across the lobby to the elevators as though going upon important business. He got out at the mezzanine, called the room clerk, and said: "Will you give me the number of the room assigned to Mrs. Bessie Forbes?"

"Eight ninety-six," said the room clerk.

"Thanks," said Mason. He hung up the telephone, went to the elevator, got off at the eighth floor, walked to room 896, and rapped on the door.

"Who is it?" asked Bessie Forbes's frightened voice.

"Mason," Perry Mason said in a low tone. "Open the door."

A bolt clicked and the door opened. Mrs. Forbes, now fully clothed in a street costume, stared at him with eyes that showed fright but were rigidly steady.

Perry Mason walked in and closed the door behind him.

"All right," he said. "I'm your lawyer. Now tell me exactly what happened tonight."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean about the trip you made to see your husband."

She shuddered, looked about her, motioned Perry Mason to a seat on the davenport. She came and sat

down beside him, and twisted her fingers around a handkerchief. She was redolent of cheap perfume.

"How did you know I went out there?" she asked.

"I guessed it," he said. "I figured that you were about due to put in an appearance. I couldn't figure any woman who answered your description who would make the kind of a call on Clinton Foley that you made."

"Yes," she said slowly; "I went out there."

"I know you went out there," he said impatiently. "Tell me what happened."

"When I got there," she said slowly, "the door was locked, but I had a pass-key. I opened the door and walked in. I wanted to see Clint without giving him time to prepare for my visit."

"All right," he said. "What happened? You went in there and then what happened?"

"I WENT in," she said, "and found him dead."

"And the dog?" asked Perry Mason.

"Dead."

"I don't suppose that you've got any way of showing that you didn't do the killing?"

"They were both dead when I got there," she said.

"Had they been dead long?"

"I don't know; I didn't touch them."

"What did you do?"

"I felt so weak, I sat down in a chair. At first all I could think about was of running away. Then I remembered that I would have to be careful."

"Was the gun lying on the floor?" asked Perry Mason.

"Yes," she said; "the gun was lying on the floor."

"It wasn't your gun?"

"No."

"Did you ever have a gun like that?"

"No."

"Never saw that gun before?"

"Put on that coat, sister, and then grab a taxi and drive to the Breedmont Hotel."

"No. I tell you, I didn't have a thing to do with it."

"All right," he said; "we'll let it go at that. You're telling me the truth, then. So what did you do?"

"I remembered," she said, "that the taxi driver had gone to telephone Arthur Cartright. I thought that Arthur would come over, and I knew that Arthur would know what to do."

"Did it ever occur to you that Arthur Cartright might have been the one who did the shooting?"

"Of course it did; but I knew that he wouldn't come over if he had been the one to do the shooting."

"HE might have come over and blamed it on you."

"No; Arthur isn't that kind."

"All right," Perry Mason said. "You sat down and waited for Cartright, and then what happened?"

"After a while," she said, "I heard the taxicab come back. I don't know how long it was. I lost all track of time."

"All right," he told her. "Go on from there."

"I went out, got in the taxicab, and drove back to the vicinity of my hotel. Then I got out. I figured that no one would ever be able to trace me."

"Did you know," said Perry Mason, "that you left a handkerchief in the taxicab?"

She stared at him with eyes that kept getting wider.

"Good God, no!" she said.

"You did," he told her.

"Where is the handkerchief?"

"The police have it."

"How did they get it?"

"I gave it to them."

"You—*what?*"

"I gave it to them," he said. "It came into my possession, and I didn't have any alternative but to surrender it to the police."

"I THOUGHT you were my lawyer."

"I am."

"That doesn't sound like it. Good God, that's the worst evidence that they could get hold of! They'll be able to trace me through that handkerchief."

"That's all right," Perry Mason told her. "They're going to trace you anyway, and they're going to question you. When they question you, you can't afford to lie to them. And you can't afford to tell them the truth. You're in a jam, and you've got to keep quiet. Do you understand that?"

"But that's going to prejudice everybody against me."

"All right," he told her. "That's what I'm coming to. Now, I had to surrender that handkerchief to the police because it was evidence. The police are on my trail in this thing, and they'd like to catch me doing something that would make me an accessory after the fact. They're not going to have that pleasure. But you've got to use your wits in order to get yourself out of this mess.

"Now here's what you do: The police are going to come here. They're going to ask you all sorts of questions. You tell them that you won't answer any questions unless your lawyer is present. Tell them that your lawyer has advised you not to talk. Don't answer any questions whatever. You understand that?"

"Yes; that's what you told me before."

"Think you can do it?"

"I guess so."

"You've got to do it!" he said. "There are a lot of loose angles about this thing I can't check up on. I don't want you to tell anything until I know the entire story."

"But it's going to prejudice the public. The newspapers will say that I refuse to talk."

Perry Mason grinned.

"Now," he said, "you're commencing to get down to brass tacks. That's what I came to see you about. Don't tell the police anything. Don't tell the newspapers anything. But do tell them both that *you* want to talk but

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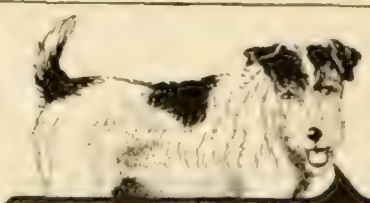

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that *I* won't let you. Tell them that I have told you you can't say a word. Tell them that *you* want to. Tell them that you want to explain. Tell them that you'd like to call me up and talk with me; that you think you can get my permission to talk; and all that sort of stuff. They'll give you a telephone and let you talk with me. You plead with me over the telephone for permission to talk. But I'll sit tight and tell you that the minute you tell anybody anything you've got to get another lawyer. Do you understand that?"

"*Do you think that will work?*" she asked.

"Sure it'll work," he said. "The newspapers have got to have something for a story. They'll try to get something else. If they can't get anything else, they'll pick on that and spread it all over the front page—that you want to tell your story and I won't let you."

"*How about the police?* Will they release me?"

"I don't know."

"Good heavens! You don't mean I'm going to be arrested? My God! I can't stand that! I could probably stand being questioned if they questioned me here in my room. But if they took me down to the jail, down to Police Headquarters, and questioned me, I'd go crazy! I simply can't stand anything like that, and I can't afford to be put on trial. You don't suppose there's any chance I'm going to be put on trial?"

"NOW look here," he told her, getting to his feet and standing facing her, his eyes steady with a steely patience. "Don't pull that stuff with me. It doesn't get you anywhere. You're in a jam, and you know it. You went into your husband's house. You let yourself in with a pass-key. You found him dead on the floor. You realized that he'd been murdered. There was a gun there. You didn't notify the police. You went to a hotel and registered under an assumed name. If you think you can pull a stunt like that and not get taken down to Police Headquarters, you're crazy."

She started to cry.

"Tears aren't going to do you any good," he said with brutal frankness. "There's only one thing that'll do you any good, and that's using your noodle and following the instructions I give you. Don't ever admit that you were at the Breedmont Hotel, or that you ever registered anywhere under an assumed name. Don't admit anything except that you have retained me, and that you won't answer any questions or make any statements unless I am present and advise you to do so."

She nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "That disposes of the preliminaries. Now, there's one other thing—"

KNUCKLES sounded imperatively on the door of the room.

"Who knows you're here?" asked Perry Mason.

"No one," she said, "except you."

Perry Mason motioned to her to keep silent. He stood staring at the door in frowning concentration.

The knocks were repeated, this time louder and with a peremptory impatience.

"I think," said Perry Mason in a low tone of voice, "that you've got to get yourself together. Remember—what they do with you is entirely up to you. If you can keep your head I can do you some good."

He walked to the door, twisted the bolt, and opened it. Detective Sergeant Holcomb, flanked by two men, stared at Perry Mason in amazed surprise.

"You!" said the officer. "What are you doing here?"

"I," said Perry Mason, "am talking with my client, Bessie Forbes, wife of Clinton Forbes, who lived at 4889 Milpas Drive under the name of Clinton Foley. Does that answer your question?"

Sergeant Holcomb pushed into the room.

"You're damn' right it does!" he said. "And I know now where you got that handkerchief. Mrs. Forbes, you're under arrest for the murder of Clinton Forbes, and I want to warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

Perry Mason stared with grim-faced hostility at the officer. "That's all right," he said; "she won't say anything." . . .

Perry Mason entered his office, freshly shaved, eyes clear, step springy, to find Della Street engrossed with the morning newspapers.

"Well, Della," he said, "what's the news?"

She stared at him with a puzzled frown on her face.

"Are you going to let them do that?"

"Do what?"

"Arrest Mrs. Forbes."

"I can't help it. They've already arrested her."

"You know what I mean. Are you going to let them charge her with murder and keep her in jail while her trial's coming up?"

"I can't help it."

"Yes you can too—you know you can!"

Letter-Addition Puzzle

By F. Gregory Hartswick

Starting with the one-letter word I, we add T and get IT. Then we add E and get—what? See if you can add the letters shown below and get a good English word each time. (No proper names allowed.)

```
I T     IT
I T E   ?
— — —   R ?
— — —   — N ?
— — —   — — A ?
— — —   — — — C ?
— — —   — — — — O ?
— — —   — — — — — M ?
— — —   — — — — — — P ?
```

(The answer will be found on page 53)

"How can I keep her out?"

"You know as well as I do," she said, getting to her feet and pushing the paper across the surface of her desk, "that Arthur Cartright is the man who killed Clinton Foley, or Clinton Forbes, if you want to call him by his real name."

"Well," said Perry Mason, smiling, "how well do you know it?"

"You know perfectly well that he intended to murder Clinton Foley."

"That doesn't mean anything," Perry Mason said slowly. "He might have intended to murder him, but that doesn't mean he did murder him."

"That's all right for you to talk that way to a jury," she said, "but you're not fooling me any. The fact that the man made his will and sent you the money showed that he was intending to take the final step in his campaign. You know what that final step was as well as I do. He had been watching and spying on the man who broke up his home, waiting for an opportunity to make his presence known to the woman in the case. That opportunity came. He took the woman away from the house and put her in a safe place. Then he came back, did the job, and joined the woman."

"You forget," Perry Mason told her, "that everything I know came to me in the nature of a professional confidence—that is, all the statements Cartright made."

"That all may be," she said, "but you don't have to sit back and let an innocent woman be accused of crime."

"Della," Perry Mason said, "the police could have built up a good case of circumstantial evidence against Cartright *if* they knew as much as we know. But don't ever fool yourself that they can't build up a good case of circumstantial evidence against Bessie Forbes."

"BUT," she said, "you talk only of cases. Arthur Cartright is guilty. Bessie Forbes is innocent."

"Listen, Della," he said. "You're trying to take in too much territory. Remember that I'm a lawyer. I'm not a judge, and I'm not a jury. I only see that people are represented in court. It's the function of the lawyer for the defense to see that the facts in favor of the defendant are presented to the jury in the strongest possible light. That's all he's supposed to do. It's the function of the district attorney to see that the facts in favor of the prosecution are presented to the jury in the most favorable light. It's the function of the judge to see that the rights of the parties are properly safeguarded; that the evidence is introduced in a proper and orderly manner. And it's the function of the jury to determine who is entitled to a verdict."

Perry Mason extended his right hand, clenched it, opened it, then clenched it again.

"Della," he said, "I hold in that hand the weapon which will strike the chains from the wrists of Bessie Forbes and send her out into the world a free woman, but I have got to use that weapon in a certain way. I have got to strike at just the right time and in just the right manner."

Della Street looked at him with eyes that contained a glint of admiration.

"I LOVE to hear you talk that way," she said. "It thrills me when that tone comes into your voice."

"All right," he said. "Keep it under your hat. I hadn't intended to tell you—now you know."

"And you promise me you're going to use that weapon?"

"Of course I'm going to use it," he said. "I'm representing Bessie Forbes and I'm going to see that she gets the best I can give her."

"But," she said, "why not strike now? It's always easy to beat a case before it's been built up."

"Not this case, Della," he said. "It's a stronger case against her than any one realizes. That is, a shrewd man can make a stronger case of it than any one realizes. I don't dare to strike until after I know the full strength of that case. I can only strike once. I've got to do it so dramatically that it will make the one blow sufficient. I've got to get the public interested in Bessie Forbes first. I've got to build up sympathy for her.

"Right now I'm making a bid for public interest. I'm making a bid for public sympathy. I want the public to read the newspapers and realize that here is a woman of refinement who has been thrown in jail, charged with murder; who can establish her innocence, and who wants to do it, but who is prevented by the orders of an attorney."

"That will make sympathy for the woman, all right," Della Street pointed out, "but it's going to put you in a bad light. The public will think you're simply grandstanding for the purpose of getting a big fee out of the trial."

"That's what I want the public to think," he told her.

"It's going to hurt your reputation."

"Della," he said, "just a moment ago you were picking on me because I wasn't doing enough for the woman. Now you've switched around and are jumping on me because I'm doing too much."

"No," she said; "that isn't right. You can do it in another way. You don't need to sacrifice your reputation in order to protect her."

"I wish to God I didn't," he said, "but there's no other way. Get Paul Drake on the phone and tell him to come in here. I want to see him."

Perry Mason flung his hat on top of a bookcase and started pacing the floor. He was still pacing the floor when Della Street opened the door and said: "Here's Paul Drake."

"Send him in," Mason told her.

Paul Drake regarded Perry Mason with eyes that held a perpetual lazy twinkle.

"Well," said Drake, dropping into a big leather chair, "give me a cigarette and tell me what's new."

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The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

"Have you found any trace of Arthur Cartright or Paula Cartright?" asked Mason.

"Not a trace. They've vanished from the face of the earth. What's more, we've covered every taxicab agency in the city, talked with every taxicab driver, and we can't find any one who made the trip out to 4889 Milpas Drive that morning when Mrs. Cartright left Foley's place."

"You don't know what kind of a taxicab it was?"

"No. Thelma Benton says it was a taxicab. She's certain of that. But we can't find the taxicab."

"Perhaps the driver is lying," Mason said.

"Perhaps; but it isn't likely." Drake seemed puzzled.

"Paul," Perry Mason said, "I can beat that case against Bessie Forbes."

"What's this weapon you've got that you're holding back?" Drake asked.

"You probably wouldn't think much of it if I told you," said Mason.

"Well, you might try me."

"I'm going to," Mason said, "because I've got to. That weapon is a howling dog."

Paul Drake whipped the cigarette from his lips with a gesture of swift surprise, and stared at Perry Mason with eyes that had lost their twinkle of lazy humor.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "are you still harking back to that howling dog?"

"Yes," Mason said.

"Shucks, that's out of the case long ago. The dog's dead, and it didn't howl."

"I HAVE *got* to establish," said Perry Mason doggedly and determinedly, "that the dog *did* howl. I have got to prove it by evidence. The only evidence that I dare to rely on is that of Ah Wong."

"But Wong says the dog didn't howl," reminded Paul.

"Wong has got to tell the truth," said Perry Mason. "Have they deported him yet?"

"They're leaving with him today."

"All right," said Perry Mason. "I'm going to get out a subpœna to subpœna him as a witness and hold him here. I want you to impress upon that interpreter the necessity of getting Ah Wong to admit that the dog did howl."

"You mean you want him to *say* the dog howled, whether the dog howled or not?"

"I mean," said Perry Mason, "that I want Ah Wong to tell the truth. That dog howled. I want to establish it. But don't get me wrong. If the dog didn't howl, I want Ah Wong to say so."

"All right," said Drake. "What else do you want?"

"I want," said Perry Mason slowly, "to find out everything I can about that dog.

"Now, when Clinton Foley first took that house at 4889 Milpas Drive he had the police dog. Find out how long he'd had it, where he got it, how old the dog was. Find out everything about it, and particularly about the howling."

"I've already got some of that information," the detective said. "Forbes had had the dog for years. When Forbes left Santa Barbara, he took the dog with him. That was one of the things he couldn't bear to leave behind. He was attached to the dog. So was his wife."

The telephone rang. Mason picked up the receiver.

"One of Mr. Drake's detectives on the line and he wants to report to him at once," Della Street said.

Perry Mason turned the receiver over to Paul Drake.

Drake slid over to the edge of the chair arm, lifted the receiver to his ear, and drawled a lazy "Hello."

THE receiver made swift metallic noises, and a look of surprised incredulity came over Drake's face.

"You're sure about that?" he asked at length.

The receiver made more noises.

Drake looked at Perry Mason with eyes that still showed startled surprise.

"Know who that was?" he asked.

"One of your men?" asked Mason.

"Yes," said Drake. "One of my men who's covering the Police Headquarters. Do you know what he told me?"

"Naturally," said Perry Mason, "I do not. Go ahead and spill it."

"He told me," said Paul Drake, "that the police have positively identified the gun that was found in Foley's house—the gun that killed the police dog and Foley."

"All right," Mason said. "How did they identify it?"

"They identified it by tracing the numbers and getting the report on sales. They've found out definitely and positively who bought that gun."

"All right," Mason said. "Go ahead and tell me. Who bought it?"

Who bought the gun with which Clinton Forbes was killed? Where was Thelma Benton when the killing took place? What did Ah Wong, the Chinese cook, know? You will be thrilled by the answers to these and other vital questions in next week's installment of this gripping mystery story.

GOOD BOOKS of THE MONTH

By OLIVER SWIFT

A MODERN TRAGEDY by Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company.

★ ★ ★ The good story of a man's temptations that cajoled him into an abyss from which there was no escape. Background: the modern industrial struggle in England.

VALERIE HATHAWAY by Claudius Gregory. Sears Publishing Company.

★ ★ ★ A Canadian novelist makes his bow below the border with a book in which occultism, vaudeville, and love mingle in a tale unexpectedly rich in spiritual significance and human understanding.

WINES by Julian Street. Alfred A. Knopf.

★ ★ ★ Every man's guide to being a connoisseur. Table wisdom painlessly acquired.

I, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA by Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart.

★ ★ ★ The noted novelist-socialist tells exactly how he will end poverty in California, of which state he hopes to be governor.

L'AFFAIRE JONES by Hillel Bernstein. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

★ ★ ½ Amusing satire on explosive French nationalism as experienced by Henry Jones of Windfall, Georgia, who went to Paris to write a cookbook.

THE CROSS OF PEACE by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

★ ★ ½ Postwar generation and its hate heritage in an indignant novel. Modern Europe rubbing on its war paint for its next dance of blood and death.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown & Co.

★ ★ ½ Another chapter in the saga of the Bounty. The true account of what happened to the men set adrift in an open boat by the mutineers.

WORK OF ART by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

★ ★ The biography of a hotel man who is a poet of service; not the Nobel winner at his best.

MEN IN WHITE by Sidney Kingsley. Covici-Friede.

★ ★ If you did not see this play, which betrays the medical profession on the current Broadway, you can read it, shut your eyes, and stage your own.

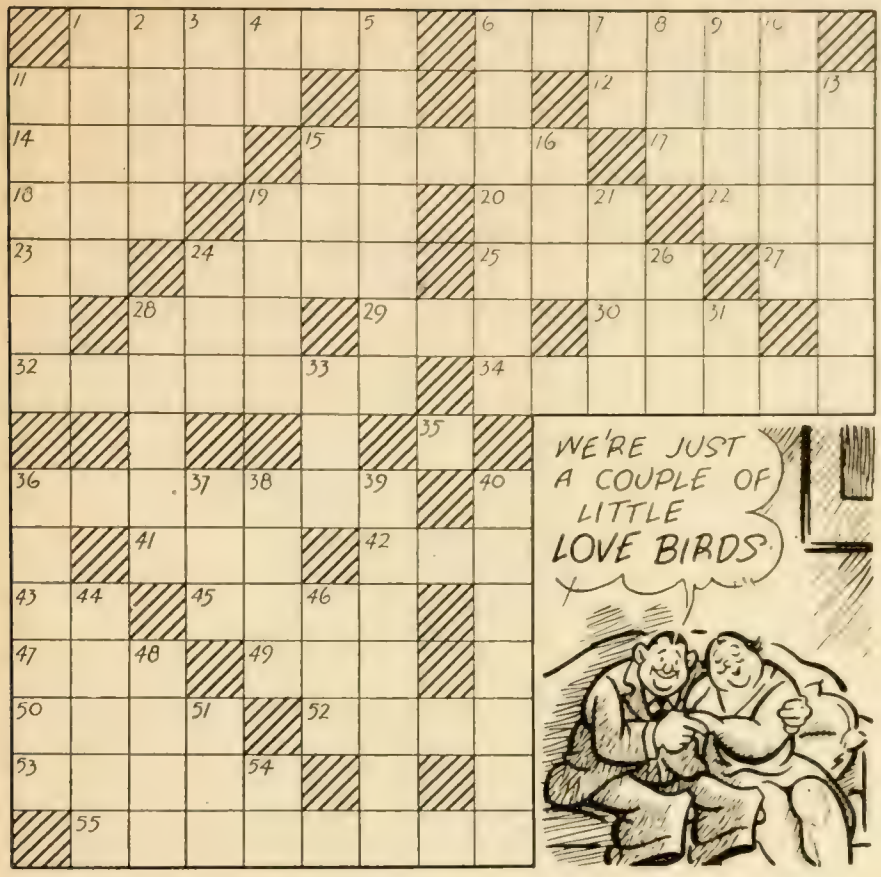
MAKE YOUR OWN JOB by Violet Ryder and H. B. Danot. H. W. Williamson Co.

★ ★ If you have no job, create a new one for yourself. Here are the inspiring stories of those who did it.

THE THIN MAN by Dashiell Hammett. Alfred A. Knopf.

★ ★ Fast, adventurous, and realistic detective novel.

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested by the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

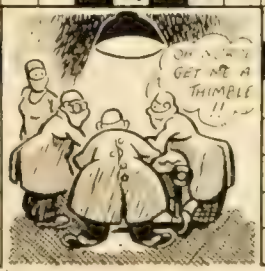
HORIZONTAL

1 Frigid
6 Infrequent
11 A hollow cylinder
12 Feathered vertebrates
14 Stomach of an animal
15 A herd
17 Manner of walking
18 To drive away
19 Large tub
20 Large New Zealand parrot
22 Bachelor of Civil Engineering (abbr.)
23 Man's nickname
24 City in Illinois
25 Departure
27 Tellurium (abbr.)
28 Urge importunately
29 A groove
30 Crowd
32 A writing
34 Girls of the same parents
35 Indefinite article
36 Locate
41 A sphere
42 Expire
43 From
45 Necessity
47 A prince in The Magic Carpet
49 Attempt
50 Loan
52 Oath (Scot.)
53 An issue (med.)
55 With each other

VERTICAL

1 A month
2 Public passage
3 Frighten
4 Symbol of an element
5 Refinement
6 Hollows into which something is fitted
7 Prefix: from
8 To equip
9 To find fault (colloq.)
10 Decree
11 To rub harshly
13 Guides
15 Distant
16 Dry stalk of hollow-stemmed plants
19 A small aperture
21 Intentions
24 Yellowish-white matter found in sores
26 Child
28 The same
31 Exist
33 To lease
36 Shallows
37 Vase
38 To support
39 Like an eddy
40 Part of plumage
44 Swift in motion
46 Period of time
48 Within
51 Domesticated animal
54 Born (French)

D	O	C	T	O	R	S	■	U	S	H	E	R	E	D
I	■	R	O	M	A	N	■	N	O	O	S	E	■	E
A	M	E	R	I	C	A	■	T	O	N	S	I	L	S
M	A	T	■	T	E	R	M	I	T	E	■	S	E	E
O	R	A	L	■	S	E	A	M	Y	■	T	S	A	R
N	I	N	E	■	■	R	P	E	■	■	O	U	S	T
D	E	S	E	R	T	S	■	S	I	G	N	E	T	S
■	■	■	■	R	O	I	■	A	■	N	O	G	■	■
■	S	T	Y	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	S	O	P	■
S	■	I	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	V	■	A
T	A	M	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	S	A	S	S
I	R	E	S	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	C	L	A	P
T	G	■	K	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	V	I
C	U	B	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	L	E	E	R
H	E	A	R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	L	S	E



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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NRA
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(Reading time: 15 min. 50 sec.)

ILLUSTRATION BY B. LATHAM KIDDER

How I DEPRE

The Inspiring Chronicle of a Successful Search for Work, Health, and a New Future

MY husband had been out of a job more than a year when our doctor told us that Bert, the eldest of our four children, needed a milder climate. He ought not to spend another winter in New England.

"There's just one thing left for us to do, Luther," I told my husband, trying to keep my voice cheerful. "We can pack our old car and drive south."

"They say work is as hard to get down there," he reminded me. "And it's hot in July and August."

But for months we had both seen the wisdom of leaving Lynn, even Massachusetts, to search for work, and of doing it before all our savings were consumed. Our doctor's orders had settled the only point we had not decided—the direction to be taken.

Though our car was old, it was a good make. We could put the children in the back of it and we wouldn't have to watch them every minute. The used trailer into which we packed household goods, bedding, tent, and garden tools cost under ten dollars.

Because Luther's mother, who lives fifty miles on the other side of Lynn, insisted that we spend our last night with her, we did not set out until after ten on the morning of the last day of June. Then, instead of following the straightest road southward, we decided to meander a little, and we sometimes spent as much as three days seeing the sights of a city.

We did that in Washington, and again in Richmond.

In Georgia, sitting around our camp fire one night, Bert asked his daddy whereabouts was it that Jefferson Davis was captured. Neither Luther nor I could remember. A man we hadn't seen stepped out of the dusk and into the glow of our fire.

"Mr. Davis was captured about twelve miles from here," he told Bert. "Between Little Mountain, which is in Lincoln County, and Washington, in Wilkes."

From that we got to talking. The planter—it was his land we were camping on—asked how we would like to stop over for a few days and help pick his cotton. We jumped at the chance.

The first day I almost gave up. Working in the broiling-hot sun with a heavy crocus sack slung over one shoulder was the hardest job I had ever tackled. But Luther and I stuck it out the whole day, while Bert and Sue, our oldest girl, took turns at picking and minding the two younger children.

We didn't make quite a dollar and a half that first day, but to us that was worth having. That night, when the planter's wife offered to trade me two frying chickens for a pound package of sliced bacon, we decided to stay as long as we were needed. Did I trade? Who wouldn't!

It was fifty miles from Augusta, the nearest city, and it being their busy season they had run short of salt meat. Up there chickens and eggs were the cheapest we had ever seen. Big fryers, all but grown, could be bought for less than twenty-five cents.

It was the same with watermelons, peaches, scuppernong grapes, and vegetables. That planter raised more than his family and servants could consume, and it was too far away from Augusta to make marketing worth while. It was there we got our first taste of collard greens. Ever since, the children have been crazy about them.

The one vegetable they did not have was white potatoes. The planter said he didn't believe there was a pound of those in Lincoln County. He called them Irish potatoes. There, he explained, folks ate rice and sweet potatoes and corn pone.

Besides the twelve dollars earned picking cotton we carried away fruits, vegetables, and eggs enough to last us nearly a week. The planter's wife gave us the address of her brother who was boss of a turpentine camp near Savannah. She thought he might be able to find some sort of work for Luther.

The camp cook had been taken sick, and I got the job of substituting for him for one week. It was the boss who first mentioned Tampa. He had heard that work was more plentiful there than in other sections.

We had given the old house two coats of buff paint. The Monday after Christmas we hung out our sign: "Chicken dinners."

Whipped SSION

By LAFAYETTE McLAWS

We reached Tampa the first week in September. We stopped in a tourists' camp. For five dollars a month we rented a shack of two rooms, furnished. The second day Luther and I started in to look for jobs. He had been manager in a shoe factory, and I, before my marriage, had run a machine in a silk mill near Providence. Now we set out to get any work at any wage. For two weeks we combed that city and its surrounding industrial plants. Everywhere we were told they were dropping workers, not taking them on.

The first day of our third week I went to a restaurant in Ybor City, the Spanish section. A woman had told me she had heard it needed a waitress. The proprietor shook his head. The vacancy was filled. A heavy-set man who was sitting at one of the tables spoke up.

"I'd ship you as cook, sister," he said, "only mine is a tramp steamer and the owners don't allow any skirts aboard."

"Will you wait and let me send my husband?" I hastily asked him. "Luther is a good cook, and I can look out for our four kids while he's making the trip. Anyhow, I'd like him to have a chance at your job."

Luther got it, and before leaving port they gave him an advance of one hundred dollars. That left me with two hundred and five dollars to provide for myself and four children for not less than five months.

NEVER having been one to sit down and let other folks do my worrying, I began at once to think how to make our little capital last as long as possible. The first idea that came to me was to save wood. Every time we took a drive in the country we would carry along a crocus sack and pick up lightwood knots. Burning them in the old wood stove saved oil in our camp outfit.

"Look at the wood!" Bert exclaimed one Sunday afternoon as we were driving along a state highway, about twenty miles out from Tampa. "On the other side of that old house! Over by the lake."

It was cut-over pine land. We could see the lightwood, tree tops with the bark all off, shining white in the afternoon sunlight. It was pretty-looking over by the lake. There was almost no underbrush. I turned the car and ran a short distance beyond the house.

While the rest of us went to the lake, Sue made a bee line for the house.

The children were throwing sticks in the water when I heard Sue call.

"It ain't so bad, mother," she told me. "There's three rooms and that shed room on the back piazza. They must have used it for a kitchen. There's an old stove in it."

The house looked worse outside than it did on close inspection. The roof and walls were sound, though every door and window had been taken out. The front steps were gone and it looked as if somebody had begun to take bricks from one side of the big chimney.

It was littered, but there was no sign of occupancy beyond the old wood cookstove in the shed room. The inside was ceiled and had been painted a deep blue.

Outside, to the front, there was what looked to be an old flower garden. Between that and the highway there were two big live oaks. To one side was a citrus grove. About fifty trees. All of them looked to be more dead than alive. Near the tops of several there were a few small discolored oranges.

"That little house would do to store things in," Bert remarked, pointing to the only outhouse, a log cabin with one door and no window.

"No," said Sue. "It's got a good floor. That is where we'll put the little biddies and their brooder."

"Do you mean you'd like to live here?" I asked.

"Sure!" Bert and Sue replied together, while John and Baby Fan gravely bobbed their heads.

That night I thought it over. It might not save me rent, but the land, once cleared of weeds and brush, would be easy to work. It was sandy loam and down nearer the lake was as black as your hat.

The next morning I made another trip to the old house and gave it a thorough examination. Then I set out to look up the owner. All I could learn was that a man from "up North" had bought a tract of two hundred and fifty acres, including the house, old grove, and lake, and had started to make a subdivision of it. Before he finished staking off lots the bottom dropped out of the real-estate boom in Florida.

What became of the man nobody knew. If he had a Tampa agent no one had ever heard of him.

"If I was you and wanted to live there," Mr. Cox, the nearest neighbor, told me, "I'd just kind of clean up and move in. You can't make things worse than they are. Me and my wife will be here to testify that you tried to find the owner if anybody turns up and tries to give you trouble. We'll be glad to have you for neighbors."

When I spoke to him about raising chickens he turned me over to his wife. "She's a Florida cracker," he told me, laughing. "She knows all there is to know about chickens and ducks."

"If you want to raise chickens to eat as well as lay eggs for you," Mrs. Cox told me, "get either Rhode Island reds or Plymouth Rocks. I like the reds because they mature quicker and their eggs are larger. I've raised many a red hen that weighed above eight pounds. Never think of selling a fryer under three pounds."

She told me where to buy day-old biddies from tested eggs. Advised me to advertise for a used brooder. Suggested that I go slow—not start off with too many chickens, and get my hand in before adding ducks.

Following Mr. Cox's advice, I bought two used doors and enough used window sashes to replace those that were gone. The doors, with the children's help, I hung myself.

Mr. Cox put in the window sashes and would take no pay. Later I paid him to trim and put in order the citrus grove.

At the request of the children the first vegetable planted was fifty collard plants. Once they got to growing we knew we were sure of fresh greens any day or every day the year around. Just break off the lower leaves, and the plant would keep right on growing. Cooked with salt pork or ham hock and eaten with corn pone, collard greens are hard to beat.

A rocker, six chairs, two tables, and a wood-burning cookstove, all secondhand, were as much furniture as I felt able to buy. The day we moved in I advertised for a brooder. The ad cost fifty cents and brought me a five-hundred-capacity brooder for less than a fourth of what I'd have had to pay for it new.

HAVING grown up on a farm I knew something about raising chickens. I started out with three hundred day-old biddies. I raised every one of them. Though I thought this wonderful luck, Mrs. Cox assured me that, so long as biddies were kept dry and warm and well fed for the first six weeks, raising chickens was no trouble at all. When mine were six weeks old I turned them into the grove. Mr. Cox had by that time plowed the ground and inclosed a big part of it with chicken wire.

While the chickens were growing Bert and I spaded a nice wide strip of land. On it we planted snap beans, English peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, squash, and cauliflower.

It rained the night we finished planting. That was all the rain we had for more than six weeks. Those seeds came up and grew as if we had watered them. Of course this dry weather was the very thing for the biddies. Buying grain for such a large flock was beginning to be a real drain on my small capital when one day two women stopped and asked what I'd sell the lot for. Then they made what at first seemed an attractive proposition: They were to feed the chickens, and when they were fryers I was to deliver so many twice a week.

These women kept a restaurant in Tampa and made a specialty of chicken dinners. Their price for such a dinner was fifty cents without dessert, seventy-five with it.

As we were going into town the following day, I put the women off; said I'd let them know later. Telling the children I was going to treat them, I took them to that restaurant and ordered chicken dinners for all.

The children were disgusted. They not only claimed they didn't have enough but complained of the cooking. That night I consulted Mr. and Mrs. Cox about a plan I had in mind. They thought I could make a success of it.

How those two eldest children of mine did work, helping me get ready! By the time the chickens were frying size we had given the old house two coats of buff paint. We had papered the walls of the long front room, in which there was a good-size fireplace, and painted the floor. Also I had bought two round tables, each seating four persons, and eight chairs.

The Monday after Christmas we hung out our sign:

CHICKEN DINNERS WITH COFFEE .50
WITH DESSERT AND COFFEE .75

Cars filled with tourists had been passing since soon after Thanksgiving.

The first and second days our sign got us no trade. The third day, around one o'clock, Sue came running into the kitchen.

"A car from Michigan, mother!" she panted excitedly. "He's turned in from the big road and stopped."

LOOKING out, I saw a middle-aged man stop his car at what we meant to be the front entrance. He ordered a dinner with dessert and drank an extra cup of coffee. He paid for it with a dollar bill. When I gave him the change he started to divide it among the children. I told them to return the money. Baby Fan, returning her coin, said, "Thank you, Mr. Michigan."

That tickled him. He sat on the front piazza a while, then asked if he might walk down to the lake. I let John and Baby Fan go with him. Another car was driving up and Bert and Sue were needed to help serve the four dinners. Two more came after that, making seven in all, and they all but ate every cooked mouthful in the house.

Instead of giving two vegetables with a choice of rice or white potatoes, I served at least five vegetables. Every one fresh from our garden. No canned stuff. Also I gave corn bread and either biscuits or rolls, hot. For dessert those first days I served fresh strawberries with good sweet cream and two kinds of homemade cake. As a choice, I had an apple pie. Nobody wanted it, so the children and I ate it.

Nearly a week after his first visit, the man from Michigan came to dinner again. He asked if I could arrange to take him as a boarder, offering to make himself comfortable in the log room on the far side of the garden, provided he could fix it up to suit himself.

He agreed to pay ten dollars, and I was well satisfied. He sawed two windows in the log house and made a batten door. Inside he had a comfortable cot, two chairs, a table, a bureau, and a washbasin. I supplied his bedding and kept his room made up.

We got in a habit of calling him Mr. Michigan as a sort of joke. He let it go at that, though I am sure he had no intention of hiding his name. Mr. and Mrs. Cox liked him as much as my children did.

The orange and grapefruit trees were in full bloom when Luther's third letter arrived. His ship had changed cargoes three times and been half around the world. Though I was glad to get the money he inclosed, I did not really need it. Not only were my chicken dinners paying expenses, but each week I was adding a little to the nest egg I had put in a bank.

The next day a man came along in a car and asked Sue why she wasn't in school. When she explained as best she could, he drove up to the house and called me out. He said he was an officer. The law required him to see that all children of school age attended school. He couldn't take any excuse if the children were in good health.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox said the officer was only doing his duty and advised me to obey. After that Mrs. Cox came up and helped me with my chicken dinners. At first she refused to take pay. When she saw how much I was taking in, she consented to take part of my profit. It was about this time I hired a farmer to put me in a summe

garden. Back in New England we planted a summer garden in the low ground. Here in Florida they plant so as to be out of reach of the water because of the rainy season. I didn't believe it when Mr. Cox and that farmer told me our lake would rise ten feet, maybe more, during July and August.

As the weather grew warm my tourist trade dropped off. But a lot of people had got in the habit of coming out from Tampa on Sundays to eat my dinners. I might have held them during the summer if my chickens hadn't been all used up.

It was soon after I closed the dining room that my boarder left. He said his coming back next fall depended on his wife. His health was improved. Anybody could see that.

The next Saturday Mrs. Cox and I took the children in our car to a strawberry farm. By picking them ourselves we got three pecks of berries for twenty-five cents a peck. With sugar at four dollars a hundred pounds, we'd never get a chance to make cheaper preserves. And when guavas came on, my neighbors gave me as many as I would pick up.

As long as the strawberries lasted we went out Saturdays and got three pecks each time. Mrs. Cox felt sure what wasn't used with my chicken dinners would be bought by the jar. Weekdays I made pickles and catsup from the surplus vegetables in my garden.

It was the last week in September when Luther walked in. He had gained so in weight and strength that he looked almost like another man. He was tickled pink at the place. Just the sort of home he had been dreaming about for months—self-supporting.

THE next morning he set out to locate the owner. From the tax collector he learned that his name was John H. Blivens.

It made me so weak I could only giggle. That was the name our boarder, "Mr. Michigan," had given me with his address, to forward his mail.

Mr. Cox said at once that he would stick us, and didn't change his mind when Mr. Blivens's reply to Luther's letter came.

Ten acres, including the house and grove, was ours for five hundred cash.

"House and grove wasn't worth shucks when your wife first came," Mr. Cox insisted. "Land around here is selling for fifteen dollars an acre. Glad to get that."

Luther's boat was leaving inside two weeks and we both wanted the sale settled before he left. No use arguing with a man as far away as Michigan. Besides, the place was worth much more than five hundred as it stood—and then, we hadn't paid any rent.

"If you're accepting his offer, ask for a two-year option on the balance of the tract," Mr. Cox suggested.

"Two hundred and fifty acres!" Luther exclaimed. Then he shook his head. "No, I'm through splurging. That's what's the matter with us—with the whole country. No, sir. I'm buying enough land to make a home where we needn't starve or freeze to death if I lose my job."

"Won't cost you a cent more," our neighbor persisted. "Give you control of the lake for two years and a chance to pick your neighbors."

Luther looked at me. "What do you say?" he asked.

"I don't see that it can do any harm," I answered. "I was thinking of asking Mr. Michigan to give me the use of some of the adjoining land so I could try out raising white Peking ducks and put in a few beehives."

THE END

ANSWER TO LETTER-ADDITION PUZZLE ON PAGE 46

I	RETAIN
IT	CERTAIN
TIE	REACTION
RITE (or TIRE)	CREMATION
INTER	IMPORTANCE

HERE'S That Quick Way to Relieve a Cold

That Doctors Advise as the Fastest Surest Way

[FOLLOW DIRECTIONS IN THESE PICTURES]

1. TAKE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS...
2. DRINK FULL GLASS OF WATER. REPEAT TREATMENT IN 2 HOURS...
3. IF THROAT IS SORE, CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN ½ GLASS OF WATER AND GARGLE. THIS EASES THE SORENESS IN YOUR THROAT ALMOST INSTANTLY.
4. AT ONCE THE PAINS AND ACHES THAT ACCOMPANY A COLD ARE RELIEVED...AND THE COLD GOES ALMOST AS QUICK AS YOU CAUGHT IT!

Pains and Aches Relieved Almost Instantly!

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

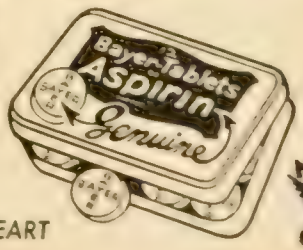
The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds and the aches and pains that they bring with them.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. It eases at once the pains of neuritis or sciatica that often follow a cold and are especially common this winter. *An ordinary cold is often checked almost as quick as you caught it!*

That is because the real BAYER Aspirin is so made that it starts working almost instantly.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water and gargling with 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets crushed and dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.



DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

NRA

Beware of the Cat!

Has Woman in Her New Freedom and Responsibility Really Outgrown Her Zest for Gossip?

(Reading time: 3 minutes 55 seconds.)

SOME twenty-five, thirty years ago women came into a new kind of power. They began swallowing a cup o' coffee at 7:30 A. M., scuttling into the subway, slapping down their pennies for newspapers, and looking feverishly for something to interest them on their way to the office.

At first, when it was rather daring of them even to read a newspaper publicly, women were quite modest in their demands upon newspaper editors.

But gradually, as the editors began to feel out this new audience and get its measure, they saw that a completely new style of journalism would have a far greater appeal to it. Today the world is gossip-mad—and women, the editor of one tabloid tells me, have done it.

Never since the world began has there been such a flood of gossip as now inundates the earth. Once gossip could travel only as far and as fast as tongues could carry it, but today we have the press, the radio, even the cinema behind it. Every device known to science is being employed to amplify it.

By MARIE BEYNON RAY

First there are the daily newspapers; even the most conservative carry their "gossip columns." Then there are the weekly scandal sheets, the confession and motion-picture magazines, the dirt-dishing books.

"Well," you say, "why not? Every one enjoys a bit of gossip."

Yes, and there is harmless gossip; there is even winsome gossip. And some of the newspapers, though dealing lustily in personalities, have kept within the bounds of decency and fair play. Moreover, the press as a whole is far more interesting reading today than it was thirty years ago. Of course we women can point an accusing finger and say, "Look! Aren't all the gossip columns conducted by men? Aren't practically all the publishers and editors men?"

"Ladies," reply the editors, their hats over their hearts, "we do it all for you."

Which leaves us holding the bag.

I was talking to a woman politician. She has been in politics a long time, campaigning for this cause and that. She's accomplished, all told, a good deal. But she doesn't like the way she's had to do it.

"Did you ever attend a meeting of the ——?" She mentioned one of the largest and most powerful feminine political organizations. "Well, if you ever had you'd understand why I'm not crazy about us women politicians. If women would only fling good clean political mud—call a candidate a thief, liar, traitor, swindler, and be done with it! But they don't. A candidate is defeated on her private life, not on her public record—by gossip, not by reasoned opinion."

Yes, I've come to the conclusion that there's more truth than calumny in this idea that women are at the bottom of the gossip racket—for that is what it is today. Curiously enough, we have come to believe that any one who isn't gossiped about is a person of no importance. We no longer make the distinction between publicity and gossip. To be considered a person of any consequence one must make the front page frequently. How one gets there doesn't seem to matter.

The careers and fortunes of thousands of people are built up on public gossip. Countless reputations exist entirely on this sort of publicity.

Scandal is sometimes the springboard from which a man is catapulted into fame.

But the usual effect of scandal is, of course, to destroy. Mere groundless rumor has frequently ruined great careers, started runs on banks, caused kingdoms to totter and men to commit suicide.

Now, nature abhors a vacuum. We can't simply cut gossiping out of our lives and leave an aching void. We must substitute something even more delightful.

What, for instance?

Intelligent interests of all kinds. Right in my dictionary, directly under the word "gossip," I find this:

"The *gossip* in a house always decreases as the library increases."

I know it of my own experience. I've been in houses of all degrees of bookishness, from the I've-got-a-book house to the house where the children sit on dictionaries and the hostess throws you a word, between mouthfuls, over the top of the latest volume of Havelock Ellis. And the gossip decreased in inverse proportion to the number of books on the shelves—a scandal per book.

Being a lady has nothing to do with it. Ladies are just more resourceful and piquant about their gossip, that's all. But being intelligent has everything. As women read more intelligently, come in contact with sharper minds, acquire a cultural background, they find more exciting things to talk about.

And you know yourself you wouldn't like not having any private life to crawl into nor any reputation to cover yourself with.

Why not leave the other fellow his snail shell?

THE END

Matthew leaped down from the witness stand. In his right hand was a small ugly revolver.

Transient LADY

A VIVID NOVEL OF DANGEROUS DAYS AND A GIRL'S DEVOTION

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

(Reading time: 23 minutes 9 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake open a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer of distinguished family, is attracted by Dale Cameron, the professional skater. Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, makes unpleasant advances to Dale. One night at the rink Kiley and Blake put him out. He returns later with his gang to "get" Kiley, who fires into the mob, killing Fred Baxter.

Kiley flees, and Chris Blake is later arrested for the murder, though he was not at the rink when it occurred.

Dale Cameron gets Carey Marshal to defend Blake. Hamp Baxter, enraged, threatens Carey. Lee Crawford, head of a family long hostile but now friendly to the Baxters, tries to remonstrate with Hamp, but is badly beaten for his pains. The Baxter-Crawford feud flames anew.

Hostilities break out after the annual community picnic a few days later. Returning from the affair, Baxters and Crawfords fire on each other and three men from each family are killed. Major Marshal calls on the governor for militia. Hamp Baxter arouses his clan to lynch Chris Blake and drive Dale out of town. Lee Crawford gathers his supporters to thwart the Baxters. The Crawfords take possession of the jail. The Baxters advance on the building and fighting is only averted by the arrival of the militia.

Dale Cameron suddenly leaves Karnak, without a word of explanation. It is a bitter blow to Carey Marshal. Not only is Dale the chief witness for Blake, but Carey, thanks to a word from Patricia Warren, his friend from childhood, realizes that he loves this girl from outside.

The trial of Chris Blake is called, with militia guarding the court room and the square before it.

Part Nine—Carey Faces Death

THE trial opened mildly. Hamp's first witness was the coroner, Ed Crawford by name and second cousin to Lee Crawford. This gentleman testified with extreme reluctance that Fred Baxter was entirely dead and that his death had been caused by a bullet wound. It was obvious that Ed would have preferred to testify in a manner calculated to discomfit Special Prosecutor Wade Hampton Baxter, but there was little he could do about it. Hamp's questions were mild, conventional, and brief. Carey did not cross-examine. The witness slouched down from the stand and Constable Mark Baxter was summoned.

Nor was Constable Baxter destined to be the center of great drama. In response to Hamp's gentle questioning, he explained to the jury that he had been on duty at Court House Square; that five young men had come running to him very early in the morning—"Reckon 'bout one o'clock, mebbe later"—and had informed him that Fred Baxter had been murdered.

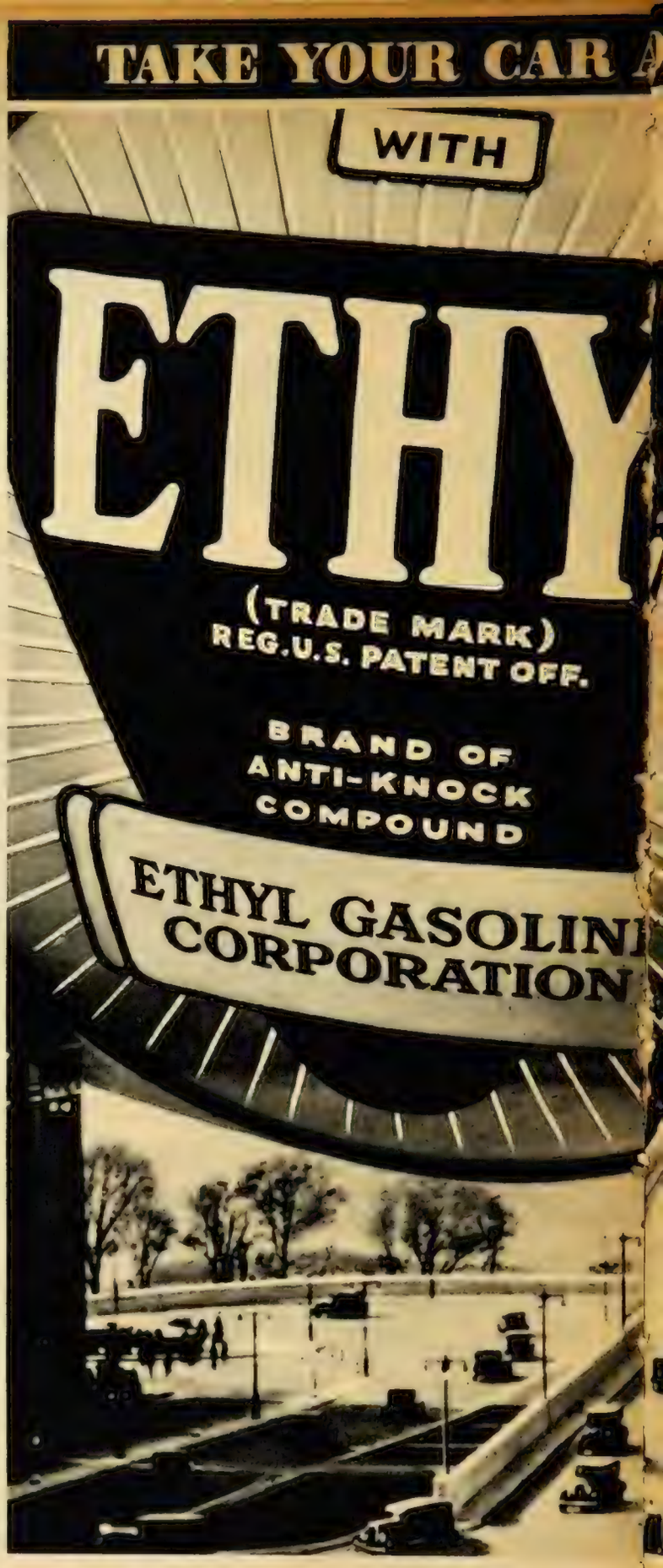
Carey sat impassively, not even objecting when the witness took it upon himself to classify the homicide as murder. He told, then, of accompanying the five young men to the Monarch Skating Palace and of going inside to hunt for "the other murderer" after Chris Blake had surrendered. He made his recital as dramatic as Hamp permitted, but his brief flights of fancy appeared only to amuse Carey.

As a matter of fact, Carey Marshal seemed not at all concerned with this preliminary testimony. He leaned back in his chair, young face inscrutable, eyes everywhere save on the broad and not-too-prepossessing countenance of the witness, so that many spectators were conscious of keen disappointment. After all, they had traveled far to enjoy fireworks, and this—so far—was inexcusably mild.

Once Constable Baxter was annoyed to see Carey half rise from his chair and bow and smile. He could not see that Carey was looking through the open door leading into the judge's chambers, or that Pat Warren and her father had just entered that room. He did not know that Pat had waved greetings and encouragement to Carey, and that young Mr. Marshal had been very glad indeed to see her.

Until that moment Carey had felt very much alone. In the crowd which jammed the overheated court room and the hallway outside, Carey had many allies but few friends. Here, now, was Pat—grand girl!—sitting within plain view, and lending him the support of her presence. Of course he knew that she shouldn't be there; and he smiled faintly at the thought of the domestic battle which must have ensued before Mr. Warren had consented to bring her. But there she was, close beside him—just as she always had been since they played together as children—slim, proud, courageous, and beautiful, a girl of his own kind.

Carey returned his attention to the worthy constable who was explaining to the court with some vehemence that Chris had acted like a murderer; that he had all



OSS THE BRIDGE

between good performance and
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but confessed, when a gun—with one shell fired—had been discovered in his pocket. Hamp asked a few more questions, then bowed to Carey.

"Your witness," he said.

Carey rose. He smiled at Pat Warren and smiled reassuringly at Chris. He even smiled at Constable Mark Baxter, who felt called upon to glower, though his very best glowering seemed to disturb the trim young attorney not at all.

Carey designated the gun which Mark had identified and which had been introduced by Hamp as Exhibit A.

"This is the gun you found in Blake's pocket?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You're quite sure?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Yes, constable, I don't doubt that. But, tell me, *why* are you so sure?"

"Because I reckernize it, that's why!"

"I see. And you couldn't possibly be mistaken, could you?"

"I reckon I know a gun when I see one."

"Yes, I reckon you do." Carey paused briefly. Then: "Where did you find this gun, constable?"

"In that feller's pocket—like I told you."

"In his pocket, eh? You mean it was in his pocket when he came out of the house?"

"Sure it was!" Mr. Baxter blinked. "Yeh, it was in his pocket. Of co'se it was."

"And you found it there?"

"Yeh. Say! How many times do I have to tell you that?"

"I don't know—really, I don't. I just wanted to be sure that you were sure."

"Well, I'm sure all right. That was Chris Blake's gun, and I found it right in his pocket after he murdered Fred Baxter."

CAREY smiled at the judge. And as for that gentleman, he was attempting to conceal his amazement at Carey's tactics. He knew that Carey was privileged to hold the witness to a mere answering of questions, yet instead of that he was allowing him to interpret, rather than to testify. The judge shrugged slightly, told himself that it was not his province to interfere so long as Carey did not object, and found himself wondering whether Carey really had inherited the legal genius which had caused his father—Major Marshal—to be regarded by bench and bar as one of the greatest lawyers ever to practice in that state.

Carey resumed his placid questioning:

"How many men were in the party which summoned you, constable?"

"Five."

"Remember their names?"

"Yeh. There was Sam and Matthew and Geb Baxter, an' Ez and Jim Goring."

"Any of them related to you?"

"Uh-huh. They're my cousins, though some ain't such close cousins."

"All cousins of yours, eh? And are they related to each other? All of them?"

"Sure they are."

"And were they—all of them—related to the deceased—to Fred Baxter?"

"You know good an' well they was."

"Surely I do, constable. But I want the jury to understand that too. Now, one more question: Weren't you and Fred Baxter cousins also?"

"Yes." Mark was sullen, resentful of these queries to which everybody knew the answers.

"Having settled the relationships, Mr. Baxter, would you mind telling me something about the condition of the door when you arrived at the scene of the shooting?"

Mark hunched his shoulders. "The door was busted down."

"I see. It had been broken down, eh? Suppose you tell the jury which way it had fallen? Was it lying inside the house or in the yard?"

Mark flushed with embarrassment. "I can't remember exactly."

"Don't blame that tie!"

YOU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family . . . when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

A most likely cause of this let-down feeling was that your red-blood-cells—the carriers of oxygen to all parts of your body—had been reduced to the point where you were not up to your full strength. You were all worn out. No wonder you did not like that tie.

Though you have no organic disease*, you may have a lowered red-blood-cell count with deficient hemo-glo-bin. When this occurs, and it is very common, you need a tonic. Not just a tonic so-called, but a tonic that has the virtue of stimulating gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to make it natural for you to "carry on" without exhaustion.

Don't wait until you face a breakdown. It is well to remember that you cannot have good health, energy, and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition.

If your condition suggests a tonic, we recommend S.S.S. because its value has been proven by generations, as well as by modern scientific appraisal.

S.S.S. is truly a blood and body tonic. It is carried by every drug store in America in two sizes—the larger being more economical. ©The S.S.S. Co.

Consult a physician if you suspect an organic trouble.

S.S.S.

builds sturdy health

"No-o? You can remember everything else very clearly, can't you?"

"I don't remember nothin' about the door 'cept that it was busted down."

"Hmm! How do you suppose it got broken down?"

"Object!" Hamp was on his feet and his thundering voice struck the spectators with almost physical force. The judge nodded.

"Objection sustained. Kindly hold your witness to testimony on facts, not theories, Mr. Marshal."

"Very well, Your Honor. Now, let's see. The door had been broken down, and you don't remember whether it had fallen inside or outside—"

Again Hamp Baxter was on his feet. "Your Honor," he bellowed, "I object to this ridiculous wasting of the court's time. The state is willing to admit that the door was broken down by one or more of the state's witnesses who visited that den of iniquity to advise these foreigners that Karnak County could get along very well without them. The South has always fought valiantly to protect the fair flower of its good name, and—"

"If it please the court"—Carey was still speaking mildly—"I have no desire to waste the court's time, and I deeply appreciate Mr. Wade Hampton Baxter's testimony and oratory, but I believe I have the right to follow this line of questioning if it appears favorable to my client."

"Proceed, Mr. Marshal. And I might ask you, Mr. Prosecutor, to restrain yourself from phrasing your objections in a manner which should be reserved for the final summing up before the jury."

Hamp's face was brick red as he subsided. The spectators nearest the rail saw that he was angry. And Carey, suave and easy of manner, nodded imperceptibly toward Pat Warren, who flashed him a gleeful smile through the open door.

"You found the gun in Chris Blake's pocket, Mr. Baxter?"

"Yeh."

"You alone?"

"Sure."

"You took it from his pocket, put it in your own pocket, and then what?"

"I turned it over to the sheriff."

"Nobody touched that gun except yourself?"

"No."

"That is all. And—thank you very much, constable."

CONSTABLE BAXTER came down from the witness stand. He tried—but with small success—to swagger. He felt—and the feeling seemed general throughout the court room—that in some unfathomable way Carey Marshal had weakened the state's case. The young attorney radiated confidence. He appeared to be driving at some definite point which—apparently—he felt sure of reaching. Even Judge Mangin felt this, and revised slightly his original derogatory opinion of Carey's legal ability.

Hamp Baxter summoned his cousin Matthew as the next witness for the state. This young man approached the stand with the queer lurching stride of the plowboy. His little pig-like eyes were glittery, the noticeable activity of his prominent Adam's apple betrayed nervousness, and there was small doubt that he was in an ugly frame of mind.

Chris spoke briefly to Carey while Matthew was being sworn.

"THAT'S the guy that slammed me in the face when they was holding me," he said. "And I think he was the one that put the constable up to planting the gun in my pocket."

Carey nodded. "It was pretty crude stuff, Chris; but I suppose Matthew never knew that it was not an original idea. Now sit tight."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Marshal—I'll do that little thing." Then Chris's voice took on an eager—almost pleading—note: "I think you're doin' swell, Mr. Marshal. Honest I do."

"Thanks, Chris."

"Yeh—I do, really. I only wish Dale was here so she could see you in action."

Carey's eyes clouded. Then he smiled at Chris and touched his arm. "We'll make out pretty well, I hope—you and I."

Under Hamp's direct examination Matthew amplified Constable Baxter's story. He told, in terms not unflattering to the Baxter family, of the outrage which had been inflicted upon them, and of their desire and determination to invite Nick Kiley, Chris Blake, and Dale Cameron to leave Karnak. He gave his own carefully rehearsed version of the trip to the skating rink and the killing of Fred Baxter.

The direct examination closed, and Judge Mangin sat up straighter in his chair. The witness, he observed, was openly hostile, a vicious young man whose nerves were on edge.

Judge Mangin admired Carey's placidity. The young defense attorney smiled at some one in the adjoining room (the judge wondered who it was and concluded correctly that it must be a girl), nodded reassuringly at his client, and approached the witness.

The spectators fidgeted and scraped their feet and settled themselves again. There was a brief epidemic of coughing which subsided when Carey spoke. His manner was suave and his words deceptively gentle.

"I'd suggest that you make yourself comfortable, Mr. Baxter," he said. "I intend to ask you quite a few questions.

"Mr. Baxter, do you remember clearly everything that happened on the night in question?"

"Uh-huh."

"You say that you and your five cousins, including Fred Baxter, decided to visit the rink for a little fun. Where were you when you made that decision?"

"In a room at the hotel."

"In a room? Whose room was it?"

"I dunno. Fred's, I reckon."

"Was he living there?"

"You know good an' well he wasn't. But he always got a room when—" Matthew paused suddenly and his Adam's apple leaped alarmingly.

"When what?" smiled Carey encouragingly.

"I dunno. He just had a room, that's all, and we was there."

"Doing what?"

"Talkin'."

"Anything else? Were you, by any chance, drinking?"

"Drinkin'? Us?" Matthew flashed an inquiring glance at Hamp, who started to object, thought better of it, and subsided, though not without betraying a slight irritation. "Naw! We wasn't drinking."

"None of you? Not at all that night?"

"We wasn't drinkin' nothin'."

"Do you ever drink?"

"Naw. I—"

Hamp was on his feet. "Object, Your Honor. I—"

"Your Honor!" Carey's voice was raised for the first time, and it crackled through Hamp's objection. "I intend to prove, either by this witness or those who will testify later, that those six young men were drunk; that their testimony is biased and unreliable; that—"

"Objection overruled. Proceed, Mr. Marshal."

"Exception!" snapped Hamp Baxter.

"What caused you to decide to visit the rink?" resumed Carey.

"We craved a little fun, and somebody come in and said that Cameron woman was skatin' aroun' naked, an' we thought we'd go take a look."

Carey's teeth snapped suddenly. From the next room Pat Warren flashed him a warning gesture, and he controlled himself with a visible effort. But there was an edge to his voice when he again questioned the witness.

"What happened when you got to the rink, Mr. Baxter?"

"We hired some skates like everybody else was doing."

"You still hadn't had anything to drink?"

"I told you once. Do you think I'm lying?"

ONCE again that thin smile flickered across Carey's lips. "And after you started skating?"

"That feller Kiley an' this Chris Blake, they put us out."

"Why?"

"How should I know? They just told us to git."

"And you got? Peaceably?"

"Yeh. We never aimed to have no trouble."

"Yet you say that after you returned to the hotel you decided that a great wrong had been done you, and you decided to run these people out of town."

"Sure we did. A lot of lousy damn' Yankees throwin' us around. We figured the town would be better off if they was gone."

"I see. And in just what way did you propose to run them out?"

Hamp gave the witness a warning glance. Matthew gulped prodigiously and answered carefully, "We was just goin' to argue with them peaceable-like."

"And you thought they'd go, eh?"

"Yeh. Sure."

"In other words, you were quite certain that two men who had ejected you from their skating rink earlier in the evening would listen to argument, close up their business, and leave?"

"Yeh. We thought that."

"And if they hadn't been willing to go, what did you then propose to do?"

"Well, we was gonna argue some more."

"BUT you didn't plan to inflict any bodily injury on them, did you?"

"Naw! Ez Goring—he was there too—he said he'd be willing to fight 'em both, but that was fair and square."

"I see. Ez is just a fair and square young man, is he?"

"Sure he is. We wasn't aimin' to have no real trouble with them."

Carey took one step toward Matthew. His long slender forefinger shot out. "Then why did you break that door in?"

"Because— We never broke no door in."

"It was lying inside the house, wasn't it?"

"Who says it was?"

"*I'm* questioning *you*. Was it lying inside the house or wasn't it?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh, you don't remember, eh? In other words, you cannot swear that it was *not* lying inside the house after you broke it down?"

"Yes!" Matthew's face was livid with fury and he had half risen from his chair, his long loose-jointed frame quivering. "Yeh, I'll swear it was lying in the yard. Now how do you like that?"

"I don't like it very much. I don't like it, because just a moment ago you testified that you didn't remember *where* the door was lying. I'm wondering just how credible this remarkable memory of yours really is."

"Objection!" roared Hamp.

"Objection sustained," said Judge Mangin.

Carey was intense now, his casual manner gone, his muscles taut, his eyes blazing.

"When was Fred Baxter killed?"

"While we was talking."

"To whom?"

"Them fellers—Kiley and Blake."

"Where were they?"

"Standin' right there."

"Where? Standing where?"

"Just inside the door."

"I see." Carey came even closer. "And had the door been broken down then?"

"Sure it had."

"By whom?"

"They broke it down. They busted it down themselves."

"They did, did they? You mean

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Here, now, was Pat —grand girl!—sitting within plain view and lending him the support of her presence.

to say that these two men were inside that building. The door was locked on their side. But they were so anxious to discuss this thing with you that they weren't content to walk through the door as normal people would do—*but they first* broke it down. Just couldn't wait, could they?"

"I don't know what they could do. All I know is they came out shootin'."

"They?"

"Kiley and Blake."

"They came out?"

"Yeh—*that is, they* was anyway shootin'."

"But they didn't come out, did they?"

"I don't know if they did or not."

"Just something else you can't remember. That's interesting too. Your memory gets steadily less perfect. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baxter—don't you remember most positively that *nobody* came out of that house until *after* Fred Baxter was shot?"

"I don't remember nothing of the kind."

"Try to think. Think carefully. Remember you're under oath. Did they come out—or didn't they?"

"I don't know."

"Then you really *don't* remember!"

CAREY gestured triumphantly. An audible whisper ran around the court room. The judge was leaning forward tensely, mentally applauding the dynamic attack of the young man. Hamp's face was white, and Matthew seemed both miserable and furious.

"Where was Fred Baxter when he was shot?"

"Just standin' there."

"Where?"

"Where he was shot."

"Where was that?"

"Right there—"

"You went to his body, didn't you? You saw where his body was lying, didn't you?"

"I reckon so."

"*You reckon!* For a man whose memory is so strong on some points, Mr. Baxter, it's mighty faulty on others."

"Object!" yelled Hamp Baxter. He whirled on Carey and shook a clenched fist. "What are you trying to do? Make this witness out a liar?"

"Yes!" snapped Carey. "Just exactly that!"

"Your Honor, I still object. He's asking the same questions over and over. He's making speeches instead of examining the witness."

"The witness is openly hostile," said Judge Mangin evenly. "That gives Mr. Marshal even more latitude than is usually allowed on cross-examination. But I shall ask you, Mr. Marshal, to keep personalities out of your cross-examination."

"He better by a damn' sight had!" growled Hamp angrily.

"Mr. Baxter! Another word like that and you will find yourself in contempt of court."

"Apologize, Your Honor," said Hamp Baxter, stiffly.

Carey returned to the attack. His expression was stern, his manner aggressive, his voice cold and brittle as snapping icicles.

"Fred Baxter's body was lying on that door, wasn't it? It was lying just inside the door frame?"

"I don't remember."

"I didn't expect you to. But it was, just the same. Now, how did it get there? How did it get inside the door frame?"

"I don't know."

"I see. You know mighty little about this case, don't you, Mr. Baxter?"

"I know *all* about it. I know Chris Blake murdered Fred Baxter in cold blood."

"Certainly he did—after Fred Baxter and five drunken cousins had attacked his home, broken down the door, and threatened to kill him. Isn't that nearer the truth?"

"IT'S a damned dirty lie!" Matthew was on his feet. His loose lips were working, his tiny eyes seemed about to pop from his head. "I ain't goin' to stand for no man makin' me out a liar!"

"You've made that task pretty simple for me."

"Gentlemen!" The judge's gavel pounded on the desk. "I shall fine you both for contempt! As for you, Mr. Baxter, you will answer Mr. Marshal's questions—and only those questions."

And now the spectators who had journeyed many miles were being given the treat for which they had come. The sweltering heat was forgotten, palm-leaf fans were still. Crawford men were grinning gleefully. Spectators of Baxter blood were glowering.

Even Hamp Baxter was angry, his boasted court-room calm gone. This was a defense which amounted almost to an attack. Carey was knifing the witness with questions, making him ridiculous, ripping his testimony to shreds.

The jury was fascinated, but Hamp felt confident that he could still rely on the impregnability of that last line of defense. He knew what he could do with a Karnak jury, even a neutral one. He could bend them to his will; render them helpless by the dynamic power of his oratory. But Carey was bitter, too, and he was pressing Matthew relentlessly.

MATTHEW, gangly, evil-tempered, unintelligent offshoot of the Baxter family; Matthew who was drooling now with anger and who glared venomously at Carey Marshal.

"After Fred Baxter was shot, what did you do?"

Matthew frowned. "What did I do?"

"Yes. You and all your cousins?"

"Why—er—I—I don't know."

"Did you stand there?"

"No. I reckon not."

"Did you attack the man who had shot Fred?"

"We never attackted nobody."

"No?" Carey stepped close to the witness. "Of course you didn't attack Mr. Kiley. Of course you didn't. And isn't it a fact, Mr. Baxter, that you ran away?"

"No."

"You didn't stand still, you didn't attack—yet a few minutes later you were on Court House Square begging Constable Mark Baxter for help. A check-up of time shows that you moved from the rink to the square very quickly.

"Isn't it true, therefore, that you—you and all your brave cousins—ran from the scene of the shooting just as fast as you could?"

"We—we never did!" Matthew was spluttering. "We just walked away—"

"Without bothering to see whether Fred Baxter was dead? You never even tried to help him, did you?"

"Well, you see—"

"Did you or did you not run away and leave Fred lying there?"

"No."

"Are you telling the truth? Are you?"

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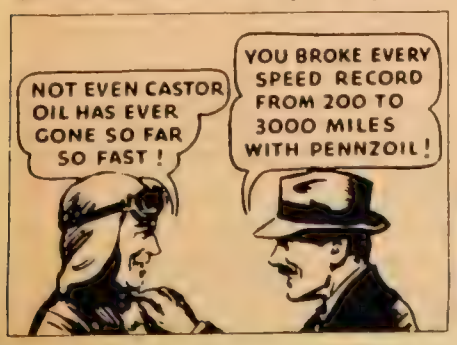

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TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL

MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

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"I ain't goin' to stan' for no—"

"I'm asking you questions and you're going to answer them. Are you a brave man, Mr. Baxter?" asked Carey Marshal, his voice rising insistently.

"I reckon."

"Yet you turned and ran from the spot where your cousin had just been shot; where you outnumbered your adversary five to one—"

"He had a gun," whined Matthew.

"Who did?"

"That feller Kiley."

"And you were afraid of one man with a gun, were you?" Carey asked.

"Sure I was."

Carey laughed then. Laughed triumphantly. It was a sharp compelling laugh, and a score of spectators joined in hysterically. They saw, even before it sifted through to Matthew's meager brain, just what had been achieved by Carey's skillful questioning.

"One man!" said Carey tensely, his voice vibrant. "*One man* with a gun! And you told the truth *then*, Mr. Baxter—because there *was* only *one* man there! Nick Kiley was there alone. He was defending his home against the attack of six drunken hoodlums—"

"That's a damned dirty lie!" Matthew jumped to his feet again, his body shaken with passion, his eyes venomous as he glared at his tormentor.

"It's the truth, and you know it. You've lied ever since you took the stand, and you haven't even lied well. There was *one* man in that house, and that man was Nick Kiley. And he was justified, if ever a man was, in defending his home and his life," Carey thundered.

"Damn' you, Carey Marshal! You dirty rotten blue-bloods—"

"Order!" The pounding of the judge's gavel went unnoticed. The spectators were twisting in their seats.

The atmosphere of the stuffy court room was electric. Hamp was gesturing—his tremendous voice rising above the din, but the words were unintelligible.

"—makin' a fool out of me," shrieked Matthew, "on account of that rotten woman—"

Carey's face went white. He took a quick step forward.

From the door of the judge's chambers came a shriek. A woman's voice vibrant with terror:

"*Carey! Look out!*"

Matthew leaped down from the witness stand. In his right hand was a small ugly revolver. It spat once, viciously. Carey stood still. Then his body sagged, and he grabbed the rail of the jury box as he slumped forward.

Did the bullet that struck Carey Marshal prove fatal? What effect did this dramatic shooting have on the trial of Chris Blake? Where was Dale Cameron? All these absorbing questions are answered in next week's installment of this epic novel of the South.

This Caramel Pudding "makes itself"

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MAGIC CARAMEL PUDDING
Place one or more unopened cans of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in a kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours, being careful to keep can well covered with water. Chill thoroughly. Open can . . . and see! A delicious caramel mixture! Blend with ¼ cup hot water, coffee or fruit juice and serve!
It's miraculous! Eagle Brand, in the unopened can, caramelizes to a lovely, rich, golden-brown color, a rich, true caramel taste! A grand pudding! Try it, too, for sauces, pies, frostings! (See booklet.)
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Borden's 1857
MAGIC!
THE MOST AMAZING SHORT-CUTS

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Ambrosia and nectar.
2—The asteroids, planetoids, or other minor planets number more than 800.
3—Nearly 12,000,000.
4—William Ross Wallace.
5—A Mohammedan mendicant.
6—The excellent fruits grown there.
7—The manufacture of silk.
8—About 2,800 miles.
9—Heinrich Heine.
10—Architecture.
11—A complete destruction, usually by fire.
12—About 186,284 miles per second.
13—Figuratively, supreme happiness.
14—Between Greece and Asia Minor.
15—Marks cut on trees to indicate direction.
16—Lassen Peak in California.
17—William Cowper.
18—One born within the sound of the bells of Bow Church, London, England.
19—A giraffe.
20—July 9, 1896.

TO THE LADIES!

Leslie Howard

(Reading time: 3 minutes 45 seconds.)

LESLIE HOWARD is in a funny fix. He is more or less in the position of a prodigal son who brings home his own fatted calf, then turns around and shows the old folks how to cook veal.

That's what I gathered when I talked with him after his recent return from England, whence he came originally. Since his success in this country the English have taken him up, not as one of their own products, but as their newest and most instructive import in the art of American acting.

"English audiences are difficult," he told me, "because they come all dressed up and stuffed with dinner." He referred to the occupants of the expensive seats, called the *stalls*, and explained that the success of any play in England depends almost entirely upon its reception by the stalls, whereas in this country the more democratic element of an audience is the deciding factor.

"Overacting prevails in England," he said, "because those overstuffed, overdressed English audiences do not *get* the show unless it is overacted. Here in America an actor can very nearly speak to his audience telepathically."

Contrary to general impression, Leslie Howard cares little for high society or splendid raiment. He hates to make up his mind about dress, travel, etc., so he leaves all the details to his wife. His cameras are his chief concern—his hobby is amateur photography.

ANOTHER tangle of human complications has just come to my notice. In a town where I visited a week or so ago the neighbors are talking about it—as neighbors will. Two married couples are involved. Neither couple has been married long. Both have begun to quarrel spectacularly. And here—say the neighbors—is the reason:

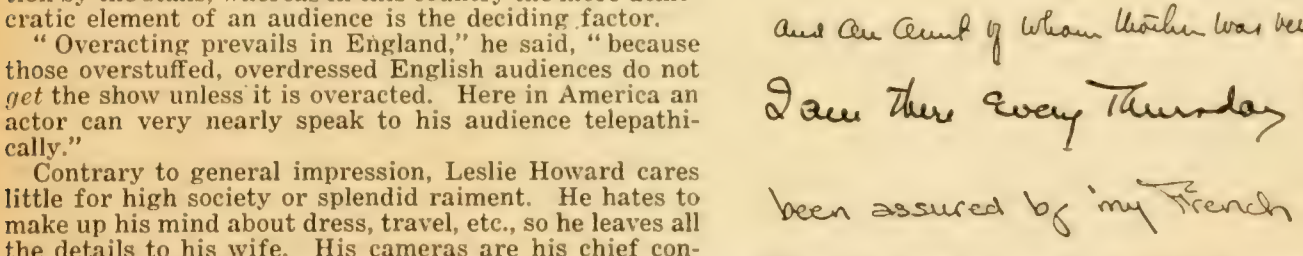
In one case an open-handed girl married a miserly man, while in the other case a generous man married a stingy girl.

The result is warfare. The open-handed wife has become disgusted with her miser mate, and in the other family it is the other way round. What can they do about it? Nobody knows. Grounds for divorce are naturally impossible on such a basis, yet the conflict grows desperate.

And it spreads. All the neighbors take sides. The two couples go to each other's parties. Afterward the open-handed wife mocks the stingy wife, and the two husbands do likewise. All their friends are drawn in.

For others—for us who are out of it—the predicament is somewhat amusing. It isn't a bit amusing for those involved. I wonder how they could have avoided it. It seems to offer a problem in marriage economics. Perhaps we can say that stingy girls are happier married to stingy men, and lavish girls to lavish men. But I won't vouch for this, so don't hold me responsible.

A NEW interest in handwriting has come to me through the many letters I receive from women of all ages and occupations. Most of their letters are written by hand. The types of handwriting are almost as various as the letters themselves. I don't try to *read character* from handwriting, or anything like that, but I *am* interested in forms of handwriting which appear especially attractive, stylish, and legible. Below are three samples taken from recent letters:



The first was written by a cultured woman of the Middle West, the second by a New York business woman, the third by a college girl. Which of the three handwriting styles do you prefer?

FOR serious reading try Artist Among the Bankers, by Will Dyson. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE doings of New York débutantes are not always as frivolous as you may imagine. Right now, for example, they are attending Lenten lectures on religion. Every year the Junior League puts on a series of religious talks for its young lady members, and other lectures of the same sort are conducted under the auspices of a society matron or two.

With so much publicity given all the time to débutante follies and extravagances, I think it is only fair to mention their virtues occasionally.

By **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN**

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

VOX POP

WHY DOES MISS HEPBURN NOT KISS HER LEADING MEN?

SCRAGGY NECK, MASS.—Your article on Katharine Hepburn, in the January 6 issue, was one long Glory to God in the highest, Amen, and Hallelujah Chorus. It lacked any critical discrimination.

It left unanswered the most pertinent questions any intelligent person would like to have answered.

It was just too sweet for words.

There is one question I would like to have answered. What is Miss Hepburn's aversion to a kiss? In Little Women she reached the climax of her romance—and patted her lover on the shoulder. Is this elegant lady so ethereal that she shrinks from what other mortals do? If so, how can she reach the destiny the patty-cake Miss St. Johns spreads before her, that of being the greatest actress of her time?

The greatest actress of her time will have to act like other human beings!—*Mrs. Nickerson N. Nickerson (aged 87).*

PS. She did not kiss her leading man in her other pictures either — except in Morning Glory — and that wasn't a kiss at all. I was watching.

WILL SOME SMART PERSON TELL US?

BILLINGS, MONT.—I want to take issue with R. J. Trammell of Tennessee, who vox-popped in the January 6 issue of Liberty.

Why is it that people writing such letters keep harping about Communism, Fascism, and lately Nazism? Why don't some of them mention Americanism, for a change?

This is the United States of America, not Russia or Germany. The people of this country, when hungry, are just as hungry as the people of any other country.

No intelligent person wants to destroy capital. We know that this is the richest country in the world. We all know there is a great surplus of food. Knowing this, will some smart person tell us why there are hundreds of thousands of us going hungry?

Mr. Trammell mentioned that many capitalists worked up from the ranks by study and ingenuity and hard work. But after they got all the wealth needed they kept right on using their wealth and power to gain more and more wealth and power.

That is what the people in this country are against. They don't want to destroy capital.—*E. T. Pegg.*

★ ★ ★ ★

THE FOUR-STAR LETTER

JACKSON, MISS.—Of the many splendid editorials which have appeared in your magazine I think the one published in the December 23 issue of Liberty, Easing of Bank Credits Our Greatest Need, strikes nearest the heart of our trouble.

It is my opinion that the government will not be able to control its currency adequately or to influence credit to any great extent unless it controls the banks.

Expand or contract the currency as you will. Inflate or deflate. Return to the gold standard or remonetize silver. Whatever you do with currency, in the long run credit will be the determining factor in the long hard road to recovery. Our whole system of business is built upon credit. Destroy it and you paralyze business. Restore credit and you restore business activity. Solve the credit problem and you have taken the longest step forward. These facts are fundamental and irrefutable.

But as matters stand today the big banks refuse to extend credit and the little banks are afraid.

The government should control its currency and should be in a position to influence credit. But this it can never do without control of the banking system. And the logical solution is for the government to place itself in a position to control the banks.

I advocate the establishing of a Central Government Bank. I would suggest a further step, the inclusion of all banks in a federal banking system under direct control of this Central Government Bank. Then, and then only, can the government hope to control currency and credit. Then, and then only, can it hope to expand and contract currency and influence largely the expansion and contraction of credit as may be necessary to maintain a suitable price level and to stimulate business.

As long as individuals, or groups of individuals, can manipulate currency and credit, even to a relatively small extent, interference with the government's monetary and credit policies is not only possible but probable.

Banking should be both sound and helpful. It should be taken from the exploiters and made to benefit the people. The government can do this, if it but will.—*Louis M. Jiggitts, Democratic National Committeeman from Mississippi.*

Mr. Jiggitts gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

EASIER TO PRONOUNCE?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In your November 11 issue I noticed an argument as to a couple of lengthy words.

I have a word for the Vox Poppers to ponder over which is longer and easier to pronounce than either of the two which were under discussion recently.

Here it is:

Hepaticocholecystostcholecystenterostomy.

It is found in any standard medical dictionary.—*M. A. Ford.*

AND AGAIN—SURELY NOT!

WASHINGTON, GA.—On page 53 in Vox Pop of January 13 Liberty, under title of Surely Not! I note a discussion of a previous Question and Answer in Liberty. Doubting Thomas writes in that you were wrong in saying that John Jay was the first Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Doubting Thomas claims this honor went to John Marshall. In an editor's note you say that your previous stand was correct and that John Jay was the first Chief Justice and that Judge Marshall was the *fifteenth* Chief Justice.

John Jay was the first Chief Justice, but I don't quite get the idea of Judge Marshall being the *fifteenth* when as a matter of fact the present Chief Justice, Judge Charles Evans Hughes, is only the *eleventh* Chief Justice.

Judge John Marshall was the *fourth* Chief Justice. John Jay was the first Chief Justice, John Rutledge was the second, Oliver Ellsworth was the third, and John Marshall the fourth.—*Lawson E. Thompson.*

LIVES OF ACTRESSES STILL REMIND US?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I disagree with the writer of a Vox Pop letter in the January 6 issue. This person, H. R. S., states that the lives of actresses are of no value so far as reading is concerned and that the talented Adela Rogers St. Johns is degrading herself by writing the life stories of these various actresses.

H. R. S. assumes the responsibility of speaking for the majority of Liberty readers; but I should like to have my name omitted from that majority and I know a good many others who would too. These stories are read and enjoyed along with the others. They help show us the human side of the much criticized actresses. I wish you success with Adela Rogers St. Johns's articles and I hope they may continue.—*D. G. S.*

A BOASTER

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Why don't you set a time on your crossword puzzle? God knows, they're simple enough.—*Joe Atlas.*

MAKE US HAPPY

RIVERTON, N. J.—Do make us happy by printing more and more stories like Tarzan by E. R. Burroughs.

It was thrilling—quite the best ever of its kind.

Jay Franklin is certainly clever. May we have more and more of his most interesting articles each week.—*Marie Thomas.*

NOT INTERESTED IN PRIVATE LIVES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Thank you, H. R. S. I agree most heartily. Let those who want to read of movie heroines go to the magazines that devote their whole time to that kind of literature. I, for one, do not want to read the private life of any of these volcanic ladies; it is enough that they reveal themselves in their soul-searching embraces on the screen.

As I have said, there are dozens of periodicals that thrive on "private lives." Let them have them, and keep Liberty free of clinical research revelations.—*L. M. H.*

WHEN THE WORKERS TAKE OVER INDUSTRIES

TUCUMCARI, N. M.—In reference to your editorial, Government Ownership Means Slavery, published in November 25 Liberty, I wish to say that under the present form of government it would mean slavery. But when the workers take over the industries we will have a government of our own to administer them.

I challenge the statement made about Russia. However, assuming that it is true, does the American worker have any say in regard to his job, the wages he gets, the number of hours he works? Could the worker be any worse off under capitalism and its offspring fascism than he now is under private ownership?—*Ivan McCasland.*

WHY THEY TORE DOWN THEIR SHACK

LAKELAND, FLA.—The price of Liberty is small compared to the benefits we derive from it, living away from town. The variety of stories shows us different viewpoints of life as the articles add to our store of knowledge.

We even enjoy reading between the lines of Vox Pop.

Such reading matter about Capitalism and Back to the Farm touch us, for we hope some day to call our ten acres a farm, if only the neighbor's cows stop breaking the fence and eating the few vegetables the dry weather and frost don't kill, and the polecats and hawks stop stealing our biddies.

An addition to the family and a flood caused us to tear down our eight-by-ten shack last summer and build a two-room cabin on higher ground. That's something. And because of NRA we can at last buy some clothes, pay taxes, have dental work done, and eat something besides grits, white bacon, and dry beans.

At least we have a Home, Hope, and Liberty.—*Ethel Wiggins.*

WHEN LAWYERS DO NOT GET RICH

TORONTO, ONT.—Expecting to learn of some method to end crime in the U. S. A., I read carefully Attorney-General Cummings's well written article in December 23 Liberty on How You Can Prevent Crime. I could find nothing but would-be methods of suppressing the criminal and nothing on how to ascertain and remove the cause of crime. And as long as the cause exists, crime will remain.

Mr. Cummings, as a lawyer, knows that lawyers do not get rich on law observance but on its infraction. Can they be expected to kill the goose that lays the golden egg?

Should he really wish to reduce crime to a minimum, let him forget that he is a lawyer and study the economic system under which the world is groaning and ascertain if that has any relation to crime. If he does that with an open mind he will likely come to a better conclusion than he has. He could then write another article for Liberty and say something practical, not on how to *prevent* crime, but on how to reduce it to a minimum.—*Ernst Du Val.*

HOW MANY WANT MORE JUMBLEJEMS?

LAFAYETTE, LA.—Vox Pop Crack No. 7,686,275,078,677½ (we've been counting them!):

Your magazine had one good feature—the Jumblejem. Now you've cut it out!

You better be careful.—*J. A. D. & Sicnarf.*

HERE IS WHAT YOU ASKED FOR

The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on this page next week.

HOW ABOUT DOGS AND CATS?

FLUSHING, N. Y.—To W. C. McQuillen of December 23 Vox Pop:

You intimated that it had rained frogs. I have been told that the frog goes through a complete metamorphosis in a few hours and damp weather decreases this time to an hour and sometimes less. This causes so many frogs to appear in such a short time that it looks as though it actually has been raining frogs.

Now I am wondering what explanation there is for "raining cats and dogs."—*D. V. Montell.*

DEAD OR ALIVE

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C.—I have just read in Liberty for December 23 the insipid effusion by the Hon. Homer S. Cummings, pretentiously entitled How You Can Prevent Crime. Just the usual lot of platitudes we get quite often from high places on serious problems of the day.

"Prevent the sale of deadly weapons to the criminals." The Hon. Mr. Cummings ought to be intelligent enough to know that is impossible. He talks about racketeers, murderers, and kidnapers as the gentleman with the high hat and the umbrella used to talk about booze and bootleggers—and just as vainly. The racketeer accords assent to but one form of veto to his activities—a bullet; which is also the one language he speaks to recalcitrant victims.

If the government would outlaw all known racketeers and publish their names and descriptions broadcast, offer a suitable reward for each one, dead or alive, that did not surrender within thirty days, and place those that did surrender where they would have to be good the rest of their lives, the tribe would shrink into insignificance very promptly. Drastic? Yes, but it is a desperate case. Bloodthirsty? Not so much so as the racketeer is.—*E. K. Moore.*

THINKS TWENTY QUESTIONS BROADEN INTELLECT

COVINA, CALIF.—I will mention the opinion I have of one of your contributors who, some time ago, was complaining because he was unable to answer the Twenty Questions. He desired to know why you do not publish queries which your readers can answer. I would suggest to that man that since these questions are published for the purpose of broadening the intellect of the common herd, I would say that the fellow who can answer correctly fifty per cent of them has a liberal education. If I could answer but one question I should not kick, because I would be learning something.—*A Plebeian.*

WHY DIDN'T HE SUGGEST PRACTICAL PLAN FOR RECOVERY?

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I wish humbly to comment on the severe criticisms of the efforts of the administration by Senator Dickinson as it appeared blocked off in the article Will Congress Raise Hell? in December 30 Liberty.

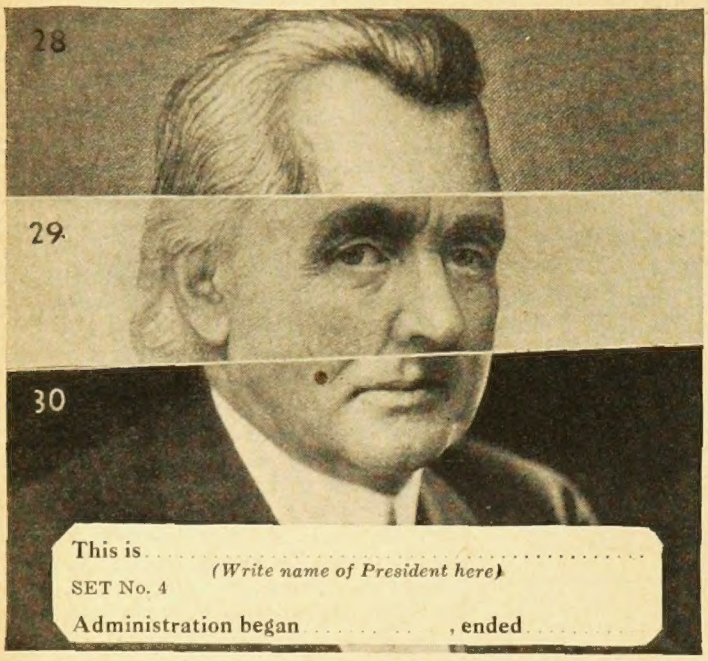
I dare say that the Hon. Mr. Dickinson, although he criticizes the administration so freely, could not suggest a practical plan for recovery that would be enacted by legislative rather than executive power during this crisis. In other words, "What would he have done?"—*El Cayote.*

WE'VE ARRIVED!

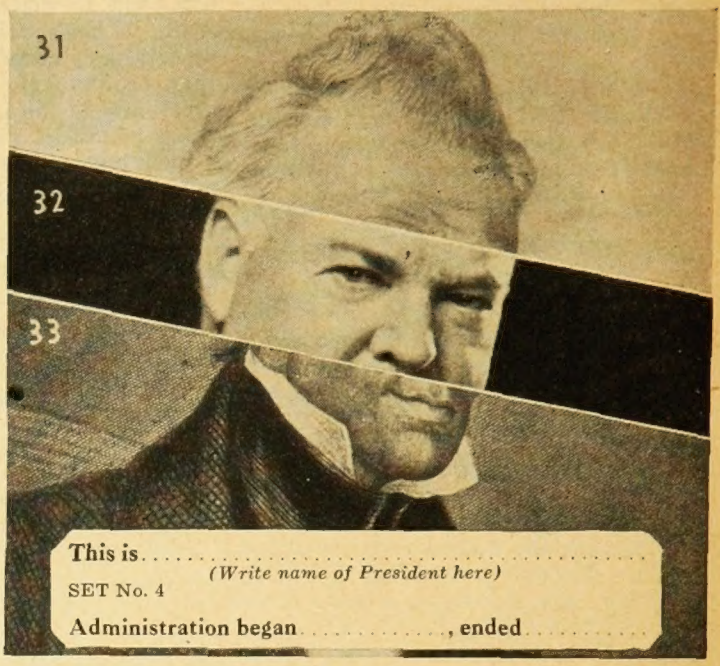
ORLANDO, FLA.—Your recent editorials are the best ever and there is a reason for it. Liberty has come into its own. Think you are right about the business man dictating the policy of the country rather than the politician, as you pointed out in the January 13 editorial When the Tail Wags the Dog.—*W. Fordham Morgan.*

Who Are These Presidents?

273 CASH PRIZES—$2,500—WHY NOT WIN?



THE FOREHEAD *is of a native of North Carolina; the eyes and nose are of a Minister to Russia; the mouth and chin are of a man of Quaker ancestry.*



THE FOREHEAD *is of a Senator from Pennsylvania for eleven years; the eyes and nose are of a boyhood resident of the Indian Territory; the mouth and chin are of one called "the Napoleon of the stump."*

THIS is Set No. 4 in the $2,500 cash prize Presidents Contest! *If you are not already playing this great game,* BEGIN NOW! Cut apart the composite pictures and reassemble them into the pictures of three former Presidents. Identify each picture and indicate the beginning and end of the administration in the space provided. Solving these pictures will start you well on your way toward the cash prizes listed in the lower right-hand corner.

SEND FOR THE FIRST THREE SETS

When you have this week's pictures identified, put them aside and send for the first three sets of pictures in order to bring your entry up to date. Simply write a note to the contest address given in Rule 6 below. Sets 1, 2, and 3 will be mailed to you gratis without delay.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest; only former Presidents' pictures being used.

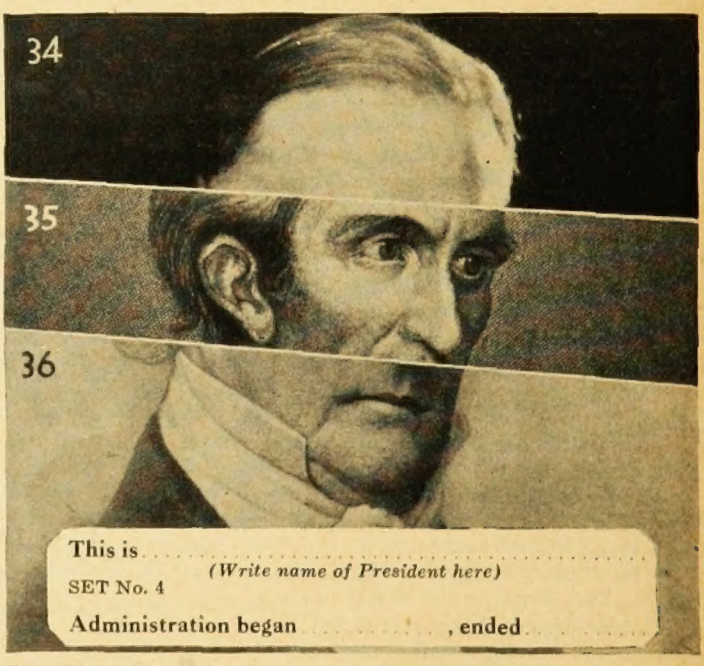
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD *is of a native of Iowa; the eyes and nose are of a Speaker of the House of Representatives; the mouth and chin are of one who entertained the Prince of Wales in the White House.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE FOURTH SET OF THE SERIES. THE FIFTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Wife *at the* Wheel

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

DAY EDGAR

(Reading time: 4 min. 35 sec.)

AS the magnificent fawn coupé sped through the sunny park, young Mr. John Lebrant, husband of the driver, squirmed in torment on the seat. With all the resolution of his twenty years he controlled his irritation at Sara's customary disregard of traffic regulations.

They were going up a long hill. Sara, as usual, repeatedly turned out of line and darted ahead. Near the top of the slope, increasing her speed, she again swung to the left. At that instant an oncoming car appeared from over the hill.

The other driver averted a head-on crash by quickly swerving aside.

He swept past, with two wheels in the gutter and horn blowing in angry protest.

"For Heaven's sake, Sara, please be more careful!"

She turned a serene face.

"What's wrong?" she inquired. "I didn't get hit."

"No, but you will sooner or later, if you don't stop driving so recklessly."

"I'm not reckless," she snapped.

"Then I don't know what to call it," he said helplessly. "Why don't you drive on your own side, and go slower? You take too many risks, Sara, and it's getting worse every day—"

"Say," she demanded cuttingly, "who owns this car?"

Lebrant reached across and snapped off the ignition, then pulled the emergency brake.

"Let me out," he said.

While Sunday traffic accumulated behind them, he stood beside the running board, white with anger, and looked in at his wife.

"Yes, it's your car," he said evenly, "and you won't have to remind me of it again. When we go driving after this, we'll use my car, and I'll be the one at the wheel."

"You're planning to walk home?" Sara asked coldly.

"Don't worry, I'll manage."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about it."

The fawn coupé, while horns clamored in the rear, moved off. Mr. Lebrant made a shocking discovery.

Sara no longer loved him. The quarrel, the first in their ten months of matrimony, had filled him with grief and remorse, but it had not brought a ripple of emotion to Sara's face. His thoughts switched vengefully to the man responsible, the uncle who had given Sara the coupé on her eighteenth birthday, three months ago.

From the first Lebrant had secretly felt that it was, somehow, ridiculous for him and Sara to ride around in a foreign-made car that had cost twice as much as the cottage they lived in. Worse, he had skipped the last two monthly payments on that cottage in order to meet the bill from the public garage, for Sara's car would not fit into the Lebrant garage beside the small runabout of black tin owned by John Lebrant.

The thought of the runabout stabbed him. It was the car they had eloped in, a souvenir of the days when he had been important to Sara. But the arrival of the fawn coupé had made the runabout seem almost comic. They soon stopped using it. Instead, they rode in Sara's car, and she did the driving. There was something wrong, something unnatural, John felt, about a marriage in which the wife was at the wheel.

As he trudged along, there came from somewhere ahead a sound like the sound of a crash.

Frowning uneasily, he approached a bend in the road. He was almost at the bend when he suddenly stopped—then broke into a run.

As he ran, his eyes were fixed on the white fence that followed the road's edge around the curve. Through a smashed panel, he caught sight of Sara's coupé, a heap of crushed fawn metal, lying at the bottom of the steep embankment. His next stride brought Sara into view as she picked her way down toward the wreck, her high-heeled slippers avoiding the scattered fragments of glass.

Lebrant, still trembling, turned to a man who was standing beside his car and looking down at the wreck.

"What happened?" Lebrant asked. "Did you see it?"

"She ran into the fence and the car stuck halfway through," the man explained. "I was coming around that long curve, and I could see her trying to back out. But a broken rail was caught in a front wheel, so she got out and jerked it loose. But she must've forgot to put her brake on, because the car started rolling and never stopped until it smashed into that stone culvert down there."

SARA was climbing up the embankment when she saw her husband coming down.

Halting, she opened her pocketbook and drew out a silver lipstick. Applying it continued to occupy all her attention until the moment he began to speak.

"Well, you see what your reckless driving did."

Sara turned on him a pair of large gray defiant eyes.

"I wasn't reckless!"

"Didn't you run into a fence in broad daylight?"

"I didn't see the bend."

"Don't tell me that!" he said, his anger suddenly breaking bonds. "Of course you could see the bend! Anybody could. I've driven around there a hundred times, and *I* could always see it."

"You couldn't if—" she began furiously, but her voice broke, her lovely mouth started trembling.

"You couldn't if you w-were—"

Suddenly, her arms were around him, and her voice, muffled by his necktie, finished her explanation:

"—c-c-crying y-your eyes out!"

THE END

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